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ORLANDO AND LAVINIA:

OR,

*THE LIBERTINE.*

A NOVEL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

By A LADY.

VOL. I.

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Heaven from all Creatures hides the Book of Fate,  
All but the page prescribe their present state.  
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know,  
Or who could suffer being here below.—

POPE.

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L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR L. WAYLAND, NO. 2, MIDDLE-  
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—  
1792.

AND AND LAMINIA

02

THE LIBRARY

A NOVEL

IN FOUR VOLUMES

BY A LADY

VOL. I



THE LIBRARY

OF THE

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OXFORD

1840

PRINTED BY

JOHN HODGKIN

1840

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ORLANDO AND LAVINIA:

OR, THE

*LIBERTINE.*

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

[PRICE TEN SHILLINGS SEWED.]

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TO HIS GRACE THE  
DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.

MY LORD,

FULLY conscious of the inferiority of my trifling literary productions, an apology for my presumption in offering to your notice the following sheets, seems indispensibly necessary. Your Grace may be assured that were it in my power, I would have given you less reason to reject my efforts. As it is, however, I lay it before you, with a smaller desire to obtain your sanction, than to convince you how far you may believe me

Your Grace's

Most

Obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.



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## ORLANDO and LAVINIA.

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### CHAP. I.

#### A REMOVAL FROM TOWN.

When nature stamp'd her, she the dye destroy'd.

ARIOSTO.

“OH, heavens! he will think I did it purposely,” exclaimed a lady, as she drew back from a window in Portland-Place.

“Did what purposely?” interrogated another lady who sat in the same room. The former burst into a loud laugh, and throwing herself on a sofa, continued.

Vol. I.

B

“As

“ As I stood looking for the arrival of our travelling equipages, my glove accidentally fell out of the window, and just alighted at the feet of a gentleman who passed by. The stranger picked it up, cast his eyes upon me, kiss’d the glove, and put it in his bosom; was it not very gallant, my dear Lavinia? ’twas that which occasioned my exclamation.”

Lavinia answered only by a sigh: and at that instant they were joined by the rest of the family. The carriages came to the door, and the whole party stepped in, and were drove to Drayton-Abbey, the name of the country mansion of the Earl of Loudon. The Earl’s family consisted of his son, Lord Augustus—Lady Cecilia, his daughter—and his neice, Lady Monemia, the intended wife of Lord Augustus—Miss Spencer, the companion of Lady Cecilia, and a Lady Lumley, who went into the country with them on a visit for the summer. Lord Augustus was on his grand tour, but was expected home daily. They arrived at the first stage where



where they intended to sleep that night; and as the ladies were getting out of the carriage, a dizziness, the effects of riding, occasioned Miss Spencer to faint into the arms of the servant who held the door of the coach, and who fortunately extended them as he saw her falling. She was carried into a room and laid upon a couch, and soon after she revived.

“What is the cause of your fainting, my sweet Lavinia?” said Lady Cecilia, tenderly. Lavinia pleaded her riding backwards, and after drinking a little water with a few drops, she gradually recovered. A supper was then ordered; after which they retired to their chambers, and early the next morning they continued their journey, and arrived in the middle of the day at Drayton-Abbey, the place of destination.

The Abbey was an elegant structure, built on a rising ground, and commanding a delightful view of the country round; rather in the Gothic stile, large and commodious, but the gardens, &c. were laid out

in the most modern and elegant manner. Among other ornaments in the garden, there was a most beautiful octagon temple. This was the favourite spot of all the ladies; and one morning Lady Cecilia ordering her harp to be taken there, she went with Lavinia, one to net, the other to play. They had just entered it, when the trampling of horses in the road, occasioned them both to go to the window.



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## CHAP. II.

### THE PORTRAITS OF TWO LADIES.

She was more than fancy could express,  
Or youthful poets fancy when they love.

ROWE.

“WHO does that temple belong to?” interrogated the gentleman on horseback to his servant that followed.

“To the Earl of Loudon, my lord,” answered the domestic. They continued riding towards the temple, and as soon as they came close enough to be seen, Lady Cecilia exclaimed—

“Oh, Lavinia! it is the charming fellow that picked up my glove.” At that instant the gentleman pulled off his hat, and the compliment was returned by Lady Cecilia. He then rode forwards: Lady

Cecilia followed with her eyes as long as she could, then uttering a sigh, she turned to Lavinia.

“—— Well, my dear, what do you think of the stranger?”

“I think of him,” she replied, “as I do of all the sex, that they are contemptuous beings.”

“La, child, what a philosopher you are! and in petticoats too! I asked you if the creature was not handsome, and uncommonly polite; you answer in the stile of a desponding old maid, and with a sigh as long as my arm.”

“As for his beauty,” answered Lavinia, “I had too transient a view of him to give my opinion—but if you think him handsome that is sufficient.”

“As for your being so *nonchalant*,” said Lady Cecilia, “it is only a subterfuge; for I saw that pretty *langoureux* air you put on to attract the stranger; nor was it without effect, for he seemed to devour your charms.”

“Indeed

"Indeed your ladyship is greatly mistaken, and I am sorry you have so poor an opinion of me as to suppose any such thing." As she spoke, the tears bedewed her cheeks. Lavinia had a peculiar frailty—her tears flowed on the most trivial occasion; but the cruel hand of misfortune had caused this weakness. Lady Cecilia seated herself by the side of her companion, and throwing her arms round her neck, said—

"You weep, my beloved Lavinia—I fear I am the cause of those tears—pardon this foolish raillery, and believe me, I never will be guilty of the like again." As she spoke, she wiped the face of her beautiful friend, and pressing her close to her bosom, gave her an affectionate kiss.

Lavinia smiled, pressed her hand, and solicited forgiveness.

It is now time to give a description of the two ladies.—Lavinia was tall and finely formed; the symmetry and beauty of each limb was unparalleled. Her light amber locks dropped down her back and



snowy bosom in wanton ringlets, "While, in envy and her soul deluding countenance the rising moon contracting her beams like an inferior star, twinkled on the plains of the horizon." Her dark blue eyes delighted each beholder, and her fine arched eye-brows were bows to kill, while a sweet dimple in her left cheek added new fuel to the flame; her crimson lips "distilled balsamic sweets," and when she smiled, (which was very seldom) she displayed a row of pearls that seemed "as ranged in a crimson casket;"—nothing could surpass the soft polish of her silver hands, nor the loveliness of her taper fingers.—But with all these charms, her countenance too plainly indicated that her mind was oppressed with poignant sorrows. Her mental charms were by no means inferior to her personal ones. She was perfectly mistress of the French, Italian, and German languages, and thoroughly acquainted with her own. Her drawings almost equalled those of Angelica Kauffman's, and she had an exquisite propensity for all kinds

kinds of music, vocal or instrumental ; but when she touched the tender strings of the harp, and accompanied it with the soft tone of her mellifluent voice, those who heard her, could not forbear fancying themselves soaring through the upper regions, in company with celestial seraphs ; yet with all these blessings she was unhappy, even at the age of nineteen.

Lady Cecilia was about the same age—a lively good-natured volatile coquet. She was not quite so tall as Lavinia ; nor could she be deemed very fair. She was a brunette, her eyes were black, sparkling, and penetrating—her hair auburn, glossy, and long—her nose aquiline—her lips, small and attracting, and teeth equally fine as those of the lovely Spencer, which she took a peculiar care in displaying. When the two lovely friends were together, one knew not which to prefer. Lavinia was the complete beauty, while Lady Cecelia possessed an irresistible *je ne sçai quoi*. Her accomplishments

plishments were in the stile of Lavinia, though by no means equal.

The natural disposition of Lady Cecilia was that of a complete coquette. She had by far too much levity, and was romantic to a degree. She was a second Lydia Languish—had declared publicly that she would marry no one who would not take her without a fortune, and would be married no where but at Scotland; but for all this, she had a good heart—she was benevolently generous—warmly sincere, and disinterested in her friendships—liberal in her purse—a patroness to all the poor—compassionate, tender, and assiduous to the sick; yet she had one particular foible, never would she permit any one to convince her of her errors, even though at the test of the most flagrant proofs.

Lady Cecilia was happy in a tender father, and a numerous retinue of agreeable friends; while Lavinia was like a beautiful flower, that springs up on a barren mountain, parch'd with scorching heats, and drooping for want of a few reviving drops.

C H A P,

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## CHAP. III.

## A DESCRIPTION OF AN ITALIAN FAMILY.

Then with a sigh that heav'd her lovely breast,  
Unto her friend her secret was exprest.

HOMER.\*

IT is now proper to say something about Lady Monimia, the cousin and intended sister of Lady Cecilia. Lady Monimia was the daughter of the late Earl of Loudon, who was brother to the present earl; when their father was living, and the parent of Lady Monimia was only Lord Charles, he made the grand tour. One evening being at the theatre in Paris, he saw a beautiful young lady, whom he instantly surrendered his heart to. However

\* The author has taken the liberty to alter a few words to make it applicable.

ever enamoured as he was with this young lady, he could not obtain the least intelligence of her; he was therefore obliged to leave Paris without knowing who his fair incognito was.

The enchanting beauties of Italy were too feeble in their attractions to eradicate the remembrance of the lovely stranger from his mind.

Roving one day rather pensively in the purlieus of a citron grove, as he continued walking, he distinguished the voices of two females; their conversation was to the following purport:

“In vain, my dear Clementinia, are your attempts to envelope a secret grief from the prying eyes of friendship—speak, then, commit it to the faithful bosom of thy Seraphinia, and I will strive to alleviate those new-born sorrows as much as it lies in *my* power.”

“Freely will I give the secret to your faithful bosom, my sweet girl. But it will afford you no satisfaction, nor can *you* give me the least relief.”

“Ah!”



“ Ah! my Clementinia, you no longer deem Seraphinia worthy of confidence. Since the departure of Theodosia, I have perceived a chasm in our friendship, tho’ heaven knows I am totally unacquainted with the reason.”

“ I will no longer then, my sweet Seraphinia, hide from you a secret which you so tenderly solicit to be acquainted with. Let us sit down on this small bench while I repeat my tale.” After seating themselves, Clementinia thus continued.

“ You know, my dear Seraphinia, the foolish partiality Theodosia possessed in favour of a cloister. In vain were all the tears, the intreaties and prayers of us all to persuade her from it. She remained inflexible. One day when my mother had exhausted all the eloquence of a tender parent, Theodosia thus replied.

“ Surely my dear mother will not oppose the only happiness of her child. My resolution is not founded on a weak bias—long has duty and inclination struggled in this bosom—but it is past, I am, and ever shall

shall remain inexorable in my resolution of passing a life of devotion and content, which can be only found in the heavenly recesses of a cloister. There can I return thanks to the supreme Being for giving me courage to enter so felicitating a state. The thoughts of leaving a tender mother, and a kind, generous father, caused a pang—but thoughts of devoting my life to heaven and my maker, obliterates every other tie.

“Make me then completely happy, my dear mamma, by your consent. Had you but me to give you pleasure, I would resign my darling plan; but as you have another child, you will not surely so far alienate me from happiness as to refuse.”

“My mother sighed, but could no longer oppose so much enthusiasm; she therefore with much reluctance gave her consent. The same day my mother wrote to her sister, who is lady Abbess of the convent of St. C—e, at Paris, to inform her she might expect one of her nieces in the course of a few days. The period arrived,

rived, and after bidding my father farewell, Theodosia accompanied by my mother and myself, set out for Paris. My aunt received her with open arms, and pressing her to her bosom called her a heavenly girl.—That evening a play was to be performed for the benefit of a distressed family, and Theodosia thinking it would divert my mother, and add a trifle for the poor, intreated her to go. At first she refused, but at length consented—I accompanied her. Ah, Seraphinia! how much have I to repent going; we were scarce seated when the door of the opposite box was opened, and there entered *such* a man—but I am unable to describe how lovely he was! He followed us out, and as I got into the carriage, I whispered Alexis to follow him, and enquire who he was. The good fellow did so, and returned with the intelligence of his being an Englishman, and his name, Lord Charles Drayton. I rewarded him liberally for his trouble, and  
anxiously

anxiously prayed that I might see the lovely stranger once more."

Lord Charles's transports surpassed all description. He instantly conjectured it could be no other than his incognito—a vacant part of the heigh now presented itself to his view. He made his way thro' it, and coming up to Clementinia he cast himself at her feet, and poured out a profusion of love expressions. She gave a faint shriek, and covered her face with her hands, while she faltered out—

"For heaven's sake, chevalier, how came you here?" He informed her; and added, that it was merely by chance, and common curiosity.

"It is in vain now, my dear chevalier, to affect a coolness, after you have heard the conversation which has passed between my cousin and myself. Tell me, therefore, in what manner you can be introduced to my parents."

"Oh!" exclaimed Seraphinia, "leave that me; you know my mother was an English woman. The sister of my late mother

mother has a son who is expected in Italy; meet me, therefore, my lord, to-morrow at church, and I'll take you home with me, and leave it till such time as you think proper to tell them the truth."

This point being adjusted, they parted with vows of mutual love. All that day Seraphinia pretended to talk a great deal about her English cousin, whom she expected. The next day she went to church, where Lord Charles waited for her. She returned home with him, and introduced him to her uncle and aunt, as a cousin by her mother's side.

They received him with cordiality, and insisted on his making their house his home. He accepted the offer with pleasure; and some time after he informed the baron, Clementinia's father, of the whole truth, and at the same time intreated him to let him make Clementinia his own. Her father and mother having no objection, he had their free consent. Every thing was therefore prepared, and they were married in a short time after.



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## C H A P. IV.

### A SUMMONS.

A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears,  
Those at her father's churlish feet she tendered;  
With them upon her knees, her humble self  
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,  
As if but now they waxed pale with woe,  
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,  
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,  
Could penetrate her uncompassionate fire.

SHAKESPEARE.

THEY had scarcely been married a month, before a letter arrived from the earl, to inform Lord Charles that he anxiously wished to see him, as his health was in a poor state. Lord Charles went in search of his wife, who was with her mother and cousin in the former's dressing-room. He gave her the letter to  
read;

read; and after she had read it, tears bursted from her eyes; and she exclaimed, "Must I leave my friends so soon!" The tender mother caught the words. "Leave me, my daughter! for what?" Lady Drayton informed her of the cause. "Alas!" exclaimed she, "surely I am singularly unfortunate, in being obliged to lose two such lovely children; but I must submit. I ought to remember that they are both happy, and from thence derive sufficient consolation." Orders were now given for their journey on the ensuing week:—the appointed time arrived—the vehicle came to the door, and they began to utter their adieus. The grief of the baron and baroness at parting with their daughter was silent and pathetic; but the sorrow of Seraphinia was loud and unrestrained. With difficulty they got Lady Drayton into the chaise, and after a thousand *addio's* the carriage drove off.

Lord Charles tenderly strove to soothe his wife, and not without effect; and she

endeavoured to suppress the effusions of her mind as much as possible, lest her Charles should be uneasy, and think it arose from prejudice.

They travelled through France, and arrived at Calais in good health, from whence they sailed for Dover, and proceeded to London.

Lord Charles knew his brother, who was a year younger than himself, had lately married a very amiable woman; he therefore took his Clementinia to Harley-street, not choosing to take her to his father's, until he had informed him of his marriage, particularly as he had married her without asking the Earl's consent. His brother received him with open arms, as did his lady; he likewise took upon himself to intercede in his behalf with his father. "But alas, my dear brother," said he, "I fear it will be a difficult task; for our father has fixed on a lady whom he wishes you to marry." Accordingly Lord Augustus waited on his father, and informed him of his brother's marriage in the best manner

ner he could. The Earl was outrageous; and ordered his doors to be forever shut against Lord Charles. Augustus returned home very much dissatisfied with the result of his interview; Clementinia was present when he informed him of his being unsuccessful. "Permit me, my dear Charles," said she, "to wait upon your father and solicit his forgiveness." Lord Charles, pleased with her condescension, and thinking her beauty would have an effect on his inexorable father, consented. She therefore got into the carriage and drove to Cavendish-square. Lady Charles Drayton being announced, she went up to him, apologized for the intrusion, and solicited pardon for her husband—she knelt, and even wept—but without effect. The callous Earl treated her with silent contempt; and seeing her still remain on her knees, he arose from his chair and left the room. Finding herself treated in such a manner, she left the house and returned home, where she communicated to her Charles the reception she had received.

ceived. They continued to live with their brother ten months; after which the Earl died, and Lord Charles succeeded to the title and estate. Two months after Clementinia became a countess she was delivered of Lady Monimia, but the birth of the child was the death of its mother.

It is impossible to describe the grief of the Earl—he would receive no consolation whatever; but leaving Drayton-Abbey, he retired to an estate which was left him by his mother, where he divided his time in grief for his wife, and tender care of his child. He took a peculiar delight in contemplating the infantine beauties of the young Monimia, and fancied she was the picture of his Clementinia. This melancholy amusement was his sole delight, but even that was of a short duration; for grief, like a vulture, preyed upon his heart, and he fell a martyr to sorrow ten weeks after his darling Monimia entered her third year. He left his brother guardian to the young orphan, whose infant beauties delighted every one. Early a partiality



tiality was discovered between the two infant cousins. At the death of Lady Monimia's father, the title went to his brother; and never did any one better deserve the appellation of a true philanthropist, than Augustus, earl of Loudon.



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## C H A P. V.

### THE TEMPLE SCENE CONTINUED.

Go——wing'd with passion, to her fly,  
 To lov'd Cecilia's ears convey  
 Her Henry's constant tender sigh,  
 Since she has stole his heart away.

ANONYMOUS.

HAVING given a particular description of every individual in the Earl's family, Lady Lumley excepted, she being only on a visit, but we shall speak of her in due time; at present we must discover who the strange gentleman was that picked up the glove.—He was a Lord Montague, young, handsome, accomplished and noble; without parents, guardian, or any other clog. He had noticed Lady Cecilia several times at public places, but never knew who she was; he therefore

therefore promised to spend the summer with a friend in the country, the seat of whom was very near the Earl of Loudon's, though he was unacquainted with it. He had gone down the day after the Earl and his family; and the morning that he had seen the ladies in the temple, was the first time he rode out to take a view of the country.

When he returned home, he retired to his dressing room, and rang for his valet de chambre.

"Come Courville, get my things ready to dress; I have rode farther than I intended, and my cloaths are therefore dusty."

"Oui, mi lord, dare be all ready in de closet."

While Courville was dressing his master, Lord Montague thus interrogated him: "Pray, Courville, had you ever an English master before me?"

"Oh! oui, mi lord, I have had une deux-deux, my lord. vous be de tres."

"And

"And who were the gentlemen you lived with?"

"Mon first maitre be de lord Drayton. I come from Parie with him—his moter be ill—he be sent for—his valet have de fever—he took me from de Marque de Eysbrant, and brought me to de England."

"Pray how many did the family or relations of Lord Drayton consist of?"

"Dere be de Earl, de Countess, de Lady Cecily, de lady Moneme, mi lord Drayton, à Miss Spencer."

"What sort of a person is Miss Spencer?"

She be tall, à fair, la bleue yeux, à hair *la coulour votre Loui d'ore.*"

"And lady Cecilia, what of her?"

"Oh! she be le petit brunette, deux black sparkling yeux, a fine auburne."

"Enough, enough, my good fellow, that is my lovely fair enslaver."

"Me lord, de company in de drawing room been asking for votre lordship all de morning."

"I

"I will attend them, Courville."

Lord Montague then descended to the drawing room, singing as he went along, "Go—winged with passion, &c."

We will now return to the temple, where we left lady Cecilia condoling Lavinia, for the emotion she had occasioned her.

"You will forgive my raillery, my sweet girl, won't you?" said lady Cecilia.

"You have done nothing that demands forgiveness my dear lady."

"Well, then, as a proof of our being friends, play and sing me a song," giving her at the same time the harp.

Lavinia took the harp, and played the Lamentations of Mary Queen of Scots.—The song was so well adapted to her voice, that the pathos with which she sung it, brought tears from the eyes of each of the ladies. When she had concluded, Lady Cecilia thanked her repeatedly.

"You have quite delighted me, my sweet girl," said she; "and I think I have something in return which will please you."



you." Then taking out of her pocket a shagreen case, she opened it, and presented to Lavinia, a very small miniature of herself, set with brilliants. Taking it out of the case she said, "Come, my sweet girl, let me hang it to the chain of your watch."

"Ah, my dear benefactress, how will it ever be in my power to repay the many obligations which you daily heap upon me; I think not of all my former woes since there remains such a friend to bless me; but I cannot, my dear lady, think of wearing it by my watch, I will hang it on my bosom—it must be near my heart till death deprives me of the enjoyment of so charming a present."

"Tut, tut, girl, I will put it on your chain, where you shall wear it. You talk of former woes; I never heard of your sufferings—will you, then, entrust me with your confidence."

Lavinia blushed, hung her head, and displayed the picture, of a

"Fallen cherub—to be weak is miserable,"

MILTON.

Recovering herself, she replied " It is now almost dinner time ; but to-morrow, if you will attend me to this temple, I will shew wounds, yet piercing, and such as no time can heal."

" Enough, my sweet girl, to-morrow, then."

Lavinia bowed, and Lady Cecilia took the chain and put the portrait on a small locket. The chain attracted her notice ; the ornament of it was some plaited hair, on which was wrought these words : " a memento of friendship from Orlando to Lavinia," in small pearls. Lady Cecilia declared repeatedly what a beauty it was : this caused a sigh to escape Lavinia which almost rose to a groan. At that instant Lady Monimia entered the temple, and informed them that dinner was ready ; rising to go, the locket fell from the watch of Lavinia, owing to the swivel not being properly closed. The fall occasioned a secret spring to open, and discovered the portrait of a gentleman. Lady Cecilia was the first person that espied it ; snatch-  
ing

ing it up, therefore, with her usual precipitancy, the spring closed. This disappointed her greatly; and giving it to Lavinia she exclaimed, "How provoking! do, my dear Lavinia, favour me with the sight of that Adonis! Lavinia blushed, and whispered "to-morrow." They then hastened to dinner; in the garden they met Lady Lumley, who accompanied them in. It is now proper to say something of her ladyship.



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## C H A P. VI.

## A DESCRIPTION OF A CITIZEN'S FAMILY.

Papa, a true John Bull, cries, "Nancy, sing;  
"Give us my favorite tune, God save the king."  
Miss simpering says, "Pa, now I'm grown a woman,  
"I can't sing English music, it's too common."

## EPILOGUE TO THE CHILD OF NATURE.

LADY Lumley's name, previous to her marriage, was Miss Maitland, daughter to a tradesman in the city, who, by dint of industry had rose to affluent circumstances. The only child he had was *Miss Haryet*. Mamma, who was a complete fine lady, would have her daughter well educated; for which purpose, therefore, when she was eleven years old, she was put to a boarding-school, at Bow; where  
were

were taught French and Italian. To either of these, however, she continued perfectly estranged. French she disliked, and the pronunciation of the C in Italian perplexed her too much. She could handle the guittar—*la la*, and that was all she could do. At the age of sixteen she was taken home, and introduced by her *elegant* mamma into *company*. *Haryet's* person was handsome, but there was a dull unmeaning vacuum in her countenance, that bid a total defiance to every pretension of a *je ne sçai quoi*. She was tall and well formed; her eyes were hazel, and her hair brown, the deficiency of which she made up with false. She was perfect mistress of dissimulation, and possessed many vices; yet, now and then, a virtue called repentance would intrude. Lord Lumley, an old licentious libertine, of three-score, one evening became enamoured of her; and as her father wished to see her enobled, the matter soon became patched up, and before she was seventeen, mamma saw her beloved *Haryet*, with the title

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Vol.



of Lady Lumley; before she was one and twenty, however, she was a widow. She became acquainted at the Earl's through the volatileness of Lady Cecilia; and she accompanied the family to the country to spend the whole summer.



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## CHAP. VII.

### AN ADDITION TO THE FAMILY.

No father with a fonder grasp of joy,  
Strains to his bosom his long absent boy.

HOMER.

THE following day arrived, and the two ladies repaired to the temple; after seating themselves, Lavinia began—  
“Your ladyship is acquainted—”

At that instant she was interrupted, by the entrance of a servant, to desire the company of the ladies in the drawing room, as a strange gentleman was arrived. They went in, and in a moment Lord Augustus left the arms of his father, who was embracing him, and clasp'd his fillet to his bosom. Lady Monimia then shan

his lordship's embraces ; after which they became composed, and the usual interrogatories passed on each side. They spent an agreeable evening, and at supper, Lord Drayton told his father that his birth-day was the ensuing week ; and, as he had ever before commemorated the day with a ball, he concluded that the ladies would have no objection to one now. The Earl consented, and the management of it was given to Lady Cecilia.

" Guard your heart, my sweet Cecilia," said Lord Augustus, " for I expect, on Tuesday next, (which is the day you just now fixed for the ball) a friend of mine to spend a few weeks with me."

" Fear not, my dear brother," replied Lady Cecilia ; " my heart is of adamant texture, and not the finest black eyes in the kingdom can penetrate it—but what is this hero's name ?"

" You see, Cecilia, you have yet a female curiosity about you ; and though you seem to set his person at defiance with

such affected indifference, you long impatiently to know his name."

"You are mistaken, my dear Augustus; I do not wish to know any thing about him; as a proof of it, I bid you all a good night." So saying, she tript out of the room, and retired to her chamber.

The Tuesday arrived, but no gentleman came; the ladies retired to dress, disappointed at the negligence of the unknown beau. Lavinia entered the ball-room last, Lady Cecilia ran to meet her at the door.

"He is come! the Adonis is arrived!" whispered the latter, almost out of breath:—"there he is, with his back towards us," pointing to the fire place, "talking to my brother." The back of the stranger was turned to Lavinia, yet she started, turned pale, clasped her hands together, and exclaimed, "it is he!—it is that barbarian, that murderer." Unable to add more, she sunk lifeless to the ground. "Lavinia, my beloved Lavinia," shrieked Lady Cecilia, "is dying."

Every

Every eye present was now directed to the insensible Lavinia; among which were those of the stranger. He no sooner beheld her, than he started back, turned pale, and appeared almost lifeless.

Lavinia was carried to her chamber, attended by Lady Cecilia, and Lady Monimia; and by the directions of the former she was undressed and put to bed. The usual remedies were applied, but for some time without effect. At length she uttered a deep groan, and opening her eyes, exclaimed, why, my dear Ladies do you interest yourselves in the fate of a wretch whose sole expectation is misery."

"Be not so despondent, my sweet girl."

"Ah! my dear Lady Monimia," interrupted Lavinia, "I am not despondent!—alas, my fate is too certain.—But my dear ladies," continued she, "let me intreat you to return to the company lest your absence should attract notice; and, as you have been so kind as to put me to bed, I will strive to compose my agitated spirits." The ladies returned to the saloon,



and Lavinia raising herself up, thus vent-  
ed the feelings of her heart.

“Wretched Lavinia! Where can you  
now fly to—of whom beg an asylum?—of  
the grave only.—I cannot stay under a  
roof that contains that barbarian Orlando!  
Oh, Beverly, Beverly, what a wretch  
thou hast made of Lavinia!” At that in-  
stant she was interrupted by the opening  
of the door, and the entrance of Captain  
Beverly. Lavinia shrieked, and covered  
herself with the bed cloaths.



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## CHAP. VIII.

### A MASQUERADE BALL.

Accurs'd is he, born in an evil hour,  
 That dare rebel against the sov'reign power  
 Of nature's laws, to strike the weeping fair,  
 Or from her tresses rent a single hair.  
 But he whose breast such small remorse can feel,  
 T' attempt her life with poison or with steel,  
 I ne'er can deem a man ; but scrap'd from woe,  
 A fiend infernal, from the realms below.

ARIOSTO.

“ LAVINIA,” said he, “ I insist upon your hearing what I have to say.”

“ Leave me, leave me,” returned she.

“ All this is useless,” replied he, “ You must and shall hear me.”

D 4

“ Speak

"Speak then," said she, raising her head a little from its concealment, "speak then, and *be gone*."

"I am come," said he, "to you, to insist that you give me a sacred oath, not to divulge to any of this family that you knew me before."

"*Insist!*" reiterated she, with contemptuous acrimony; "what mean you?"

"By heaven, Lavinia, you must promise me, or this moment is your last," presenting to her a pistol. It was too much for the feeble spirits of Lavinia; she sunk back on the bed in strong hystericks. The steps of some one were now heard on the stairs, which occasioned Captain Beverley to make a precipitate retreat.

Lady Cecilia entered; she came up to see how Lavinia was; but when she found her in convulsive faintings, she shrieked violently, and rang the bell with vehemence. A servant appeared, whom she sent for a physician, and desired her in the mean time, to send up the house-keeper. Lady Monimia heard of the illness

ness of Lavinia, and repaired to her chamber. The absence of the two ladies of the house, occasioned the ball to become languid and insipid; the company gradually dispersed, and the Earl gave a general invitation for a masked ball that day week, adding that he hoped by that time Miss Spencer's health would be re-established. Lavinia continued in hysterics until the arrival of the doctor, who happened to be very skilful for a country town; he administered some drops, which in a little time recovered her. Her head however seemed deranged; she talked a great deal, but the whole was so incoherent as to be perfectly unintelligible. A sleeping draught composed her spirits, and sunk her woes into oblivion. The two ladies retired with the doctor to the drawing room, and Lady Monimia's maid was left with Lavinia. General inquiries were made by all the family after the health of our heroine; and sorrow was depicted on every countenance on being informed, for Lavinia was a general favourite

favourite from the first in the family to the lowest domestic.

The next morning Lady Monimia entered Lavinia's room; she had been awake some time.

"How do you find yourself, my sweet girl?" said Lady Monimia, taking her hand.

"A great deal better my dear lady," replied Lavinia; "so well that I intend to get up to breakfast."

Lady Cecilia now came in; "talking of getting up, child," said she, "indeed I shall not allow of it."

"Indeed, my dear ladies, you trouble yourselves too much; how will it ever be in my power to repay your kindnesses? but permit me, my sweet friends, to arise, as I think I shall be the better if I walk about a little."

"If so, my dear girl, do by all means."

Lavinia then got up; the maid helped her to dress; after which she made her appearance in the breakfast parlour. The Earl, and Lord Augustus, expressed themselves



selves very happy to find her so much recovered; and Lady Lumley was much more polite than usual. After breakfast, she took a walk in the garden, and as she passed through the hall, each of the servants strove assiduously to enquire after her health. The pallid languor of her countenance, and the smiling condescension with which she answered them all, endeared her, if possible, more to them than ever.

Nothing material happened until the day of the masquerade. Lavinia had refused to do any character; but Lady Cecilia having chosen one for her, and taking upon herself the management of her dress, Lavinia was obliged to appear in the character of Iphigenia.

The gardens and temple were ornamented with festoons of flowers and coloured lamps; the supper consisted of every delicacy that could be obtained; neither art nor money were spared to render every thing agreeable; and at four o'clock the company broke up highly satisfied with the entertainment.

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## C . H A P . IX.

A BREAKFAST SCENE IN THE TEMPLE.

————— “ I cannot be  
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if  
I be not thine.”

SHAKESPEARE.

THE next morning Lavinia was  
just up when Lady Cecilia entered the  
room; “ Oh Lavinia I have such news to  
tell you!”

“ Good, I hope, my lady.”

“ Oh exquisite !” putting on an air of  
consequence, “ listen, therefore, child,  
with a good deal of attention, I beseech  
thee.”

“ I will,” replied Lavinia, smiling.  
Lady Cecilia then began.

“ You

“ You no doubt, recollect a person in the character of Florizel ; he followed me about for some time, and at length addressed me with words adapted to his character ; which were

“ Thou dearest Perdita—or,

“ I’ll be thine my fair—or,

“ Not my father’s, for *I cannot be*, &c.

“ You certainly are mistaken in the person, sir,” said I, “ for I am totally unacquainted either with your voice or form.”

“ No, too lovely woman, I am not mistaken ; you are the goddess at whose shrine I bow. Permit me, therefore, the solace of informing you how much I love.” —Saying these words he knelt, and withdrawing his mask, presented to my astonishment, *The Knight of my Glove*. At that instant some people came in, and called for refreshment, which obliged us to part, and relieved me from the embarrassment of answering him.

“ I congratulate you, my lady,” said Lavinia, “ on your conquest.”

“ What

"What a charming thing a conquest is," replied Lady Cecilia. "I absolutely should like a new one every day; would not you, Lavinia?"

"No, indeed, my lady, I should not; for I *detest* conquests."

"*En verite*, Lavinia, I cannot believe you, for I think as Pope did,

"That every woman is at heart a rake."

But come, child, this morning we are to breakfast in the temple, and I don't doubt but by this time they are waiting for us." Lady Cecilia then tripped down stairs, and Lavinia followed.

After the morning compliments had passed, Lady Cecilia took her place at the breakfast table. They had just done when Lady Monimia, who sat in the window, gave a loud shriek, and exclaimed—"he is killed!"——

"Who is killed?" echoed from every mouth; at the same time every one hastened to the windows. "Oh," said Captain Beverly, "it is Lord Montague, an old school-fellow of mine!" At that instant

stant Lady Cecilia gave a heavy sigh, and sunk lifeless on the ground. Lord Augustus seeing her fall, caught her up in his arms, and laid her on a settee. One of the servants who was waiting, was immediately sent in quest of the housekeeper, some drops, &c, while the other two had orders to go and take up Lord Montague, and convey him to the house, where he was attended by the same medical gentleman as Lavinia; Mrs. Walker the housekeeper instantly came, and by the application of the usual medicines, Lady Cecilia soon revived. She past it off, by saying, that the sun came in with such power at the window where she was standing, that it occasioned her to faint.—Yet her eager eyes roved in search of Lord Montague. The family returned to the house, and his lordship was put to bed, being much bruised by the fall from his horse, as he was riding by the temple. The surgeon soon arrived, and pronounced him free from danger, a note was sent to the house of Lord Montague's friends to inform



form them that he would be a few days absent, owing to the accident. In a week he was perfectly recovered; returning, therefore, his thanks for their hospitality, and asking permission to visit the family, (which was granted) he took his leave, and returned to the house of his friends, who congratulated him on his recovery.



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## C H A P. X.

SHOWS THE CAPRICE OF WOMEN.

Rest then secure, whate'er thy luck may prove,  
Not to be hated for declaring love ;  
And yet how canst thou miss, since woman-kind  
Is frail, and vain, and still to change inclin'd.

OVID.

LORD Montague continued to visit at the Abbey, and when about half the summer was gone, he made overtures to the Earl, who, having no objection, gave his consent, and Lady Cecilia was informed that she might look on Lord Montague as her future husband. This she received with a haughty superciliousness, and positively declared that Lord Montague should never be any thing to her. When an opportunity offered of

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her being alone with Lavinia, she thus addressed her :

“ Good God, Lavinia! did you ever hear such shameful doing, as to want to marry me to Lord Montague? Not but what I like the man, for I absolutely declare to you, that I love him more than any man I ever saw. But then to marry with such hum-drum solemnity—ah! Lord, child, it will never do.” Shrinking up her shoulders, and tossing back from her neck a beautiful lock of hair she continued, “ the very idea is annihilation. If, indeed, he had offered to have taken a northern trip, for a blacksmith to join us, I should have had no objection; but to be married here—have the bells ring—go to church, and all the stupid neighbours come congratulating one—oh, heaven! I cannot bear the thought!” So saying, she tripped out of the room, and left Lavinia to take a retrospect of herself.

“ Alas!” exclaimed she, “ had I followed the beaten track which Lady Cecilia so much despises, I should not be,

as I now am, so completely miserable." A tear started at the recollection, and she hastened for a walk in the garden, in order to breathe the unwelcome reflections into oblivion.

As she was wandering through a serpentine walk, she was met in the middle by Captain Beverly. She would have turned back, but was prevented by his catching her in his arms, and pressing her to his bosom, exclaiming, "welcome, beloved Lavinia! once more to thy Orlando's arms!" Lavinia shrieked, and darted at him such an indignant look, that would have been almost instant death to any but so abandoned a libertine; yet he still held her. "Let me go this instant," said she, "or expect me to lay before the Earl my situation, and claim his protection—I have been weak," continued she, weeping, "but I do not think I have been guilty."

"It is well, Miss Spencer," replied he, at the same time letting her go, "you have threatened me to speak to the Earl;

henceforward behold me as your inveterate enemy, and expect the consequences of it."

"Alas!" said Lavinia, as she returned towards the house, "that you always have been."





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## C H A P. XI.

## SEDUCTION.

Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye trust,  
Did ye but know how seldom fools are just ;  
So many of your sex would not in vain,  
Of broken vows, and faithless men complain.

ROWE.

“ **S**TILL I love her—doat on her to that degree of distraction I did when I first beheld her. She shall be mine—by all that is sacred she shall—*again* will I enjoy Lavinia.” These were the words of Captain Beverly as he walked towards the temple, after our heroine had left him, where he found Lady Lumley. This lady was among the number of weak women ; and she regarded Beverly with too partial an eye. He saw her weakness, and determined to

take advantage of it; for which purpose he fixed on her as an accomplice in a scheme which he had formed against Lavinia. After conversing with her on common topics, he artfully asked her, what she thought of Lavinia. "Miss Spencer is in general reckoned a beautiful woman, do you think so, Lady Lumley?" said he.

"Women are not allowed to be judges of their own sex; but as a man of taste, what do you think of her?"

"I think her a mere *outré*," replied he, carelessly, "and especially when compared to so lovely, so animated a fair one as yourself."

"Thank you, Beverly, for that compliment," said she, smiling, and evidently pleased.

"Pardon me, ma'am; but you wrong me, and yourself too, if you think it a mere compliment."

"You are very gallant, sir."

"It is impossible to be otherwise when you are the object; recollect those lines:

"Who

“ Who can behold such beauty and be silent !  
Desire first taught us words, man when created  
At first alone, long wandered up and down,  
Forlorn and silent as his vassal beasts.  
But when a heav’n-born fair like you appear’d,  
Strange pleasure fill’d his eyes, and fir’d his heart,  
Unloos’d his tongue, and his first talk was love.

OTWAY.

“ For shame, Beverly !—how can you  
be so ridiculous ?”

“ Believe me, most beloved Harriet,  
I speak the feelings of my soul !” then  
kneeling and taking her hand, “ permit  
me to declare a passion as sincere as ever  
filled the breast of man.”

“ Do you, then, love me, Beverly ?”  
said she, in a plaintive endearing tone, at  
the same time putting her arm on his  
shoulder.

“ I do, by all that’s sacred.”

“ If you love me, Beverly,” said she,  
“ it is the height of my ambition,” while  
her head reclined on his arm. As she thus  
lay, he kissed her cheek with ardour. She  
repulsed him not—he took greater liber-  
ties—and—her senses being lost in a de-

lusion—Beverly triumphed———and Harriet Lumley's name added to the list of Beverly's seductions.

When she recovered her senses, she tenderly reproached him for taking the advantage of her weakness; but the soft tone of his flattery hushed every sensation in her bosom but that of *love*. This criminal intercourse was frequently repeated, and continued for a long time, when, on a sudden, Beverly became cool and extremely cautious. An air of mystery, likewise, appeared about him; Harriet became unhappy, and informed him of it. "Is this the return for my love?" said she, "have I not sacrificed every thing to you?—and I have reason to fear that there will be a living proof of my infatuation. Alas!" continued she, weeping, "you now desert me—it is too much—I could bear any thing but the loss of Beverly's esteem."

"Believe me, Harriet," said this dissembling libertine, "you are wrong, I still regard you with the same desires; but

but necessity makes me cautious—we are watched—Lavinia has become a spy upon our actions, and unless we contrive to get rid of her, our connection must end.”

“Lavinia!” reiterated she, contemptuously, “what entitles her to become a spy?”

“I know not,” replied he, “but if you will assist me, we will soon get rid of her.”

Lady Lumley consented, and he imparted to her his scheme—a scheme so deeply plotted, as to be perfectly certain of succeeding.





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## C H A P. XII.

### THE FRUSTRATION OF A MARRIAGE.

In all the counsel that we two have shared,  
 The sister-vows, the hours that we have spent,  
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time  
 For parting us——oh, and is it all forgot?  
 All school-days, friendship, childish innocence?  
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,  
 Created with our needles both one flower,  
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key;  
 As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds  
 Had been incorp'rate, so we grew together  
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
 But yet a union in the partition.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE summer was just departing  
 when the caprice of Lady Cecilia having  
 taken a turn, she had agreed to be mar-  
 ried

ried to Lord Montague. The wedding was fixed for the ensuing week ; his lordship took up his residence at the abbey. The day before the wedding, Beverly told Lord Montague he wished to speak with him in the garden ; his lordship followed him to the temple ; and the former knowing he could not succeed in his scheme without foiling the intended marriage, thus addressed him.

“ I think, Montague, that you are convinced I would not injure you ; therefore have I desired this conference. But before I speak a word, you must swear to two things I shall propose.”

“ I’ll swear to any thing, to every thing that you shall desire——speak, but—for your preface preludes something of importance.”

“ It does—but you must promise secrecy and to be calm.”

“ I do promise you—now proceed.”

“ You observed with what coolness Lady Cecilia first received your addresses,  
when

when on a sudden she began to relent; and at last, like the sun, when it darts its rays upon the snow, she melted consent. She consented, however, not through love, or even esteem, but by the most positive commands of her father. This morning her woman gave me a letter; and as a man of gallantry, I should conceal the contents and take advantage of them, yet I cannot injure my friend. Take therefore the letter, and read it, and I think it will elucidate every apparent mystery."

It ran thus :

*To Captain Beverly.*

You ought to know, my dear Orlando, that you alone possess the entire heart of Cecilia; think, then, how wretched I must feel to be obliged to give my hand to a person that I regard with inattention. You are convinced how much I was averse to having him; but for my father's sake I consented. However, tho' I am to be married to a man whom I regard with the most wretched indifference, there is no reason

reason why I should not love the man of my heart ;—come, then, this evening to my chamber when the family is retired, and you will have additional proof that you really possess the affection of

*Cecilia Drayton.*

“Is it possible !” said Lord Montague, as soon as he recovered from his surprise.

“It is,” replied Beverly.

“I thank you, my friend,” returned his lordship, “for taking from my eyes the delusive bandage ; yet there remains one thing to convince me, and that finishing proof you must yet give me.”

“Say what it is,” said the other, not in the least fearful of conviction, “and I will satisfy you.”

“It is to permit me to attend you to the lady’s chamber this evening ; as a man of gallantry you cannot refuse the fair one. Let me, therefore, but see you inside the room, and the door shut, and I will leave this house for ever. I will now go and give Courville orders to get my portmanteau

portmanteau ready, and our horses shall be left in the park. The moment Cecilia's door is closed upon you, I will bid Drayton-abbey eternally adieu." Beverly consented, and they parted; the remainder of the plot was left to Lady Lumley, who accordingly at supper, began to put it in execution.

Lavinia, Lady Lumley, Lord Augustus, and Beverly, sat close to each other. "We will drink the future health of Lady Cecilia," said Lady Lumley. No one could object to it; Beverly himself rose and went to the sideboard, to pour out the wine. The gentlemen drank Champaign, the ladies Port. Beverly with a hasty hand put into Lavinia's a large quantity of laudanum, and kept his finger on the other glass, that Lady Lumley might know which to take. The innocent and ill-fated victim drank her wine without hesitation.

"Do you know, Miss Spencer," said Lady Lumley some time after, "that if it is agreeable to Lady Cecilia, I shall be-  
come



come your bedfellow to night." Lady Lumley was no favourite with Lavinia; beside, she disliked any one to lay with her. Her countenance, therefore, expressed her disapprobation. Harriet took no notice of it, but continued, "I should not intrude on you, Lavinia, but my woman has, I fear, an ague; and thinking her bed too cold, I desired her to sleep in mine. There being no more spare beds, I hoped at least, that you would not be against my reposing with you for a few nights—but I am not quite certain, for the poor girl is very diffident, and perhaps she has not accepted my offer." Lavinia could not refuse; and the gentlemen laughing, offered half of each their beds to Lady Lumley. "I have so many offers" said she "that were I to accept of one, I should affront all the rest."

"Except Captain Beverly," said Lord Montague; he has to night the *most* room to spare."

"What do you mean," said Lord Augustus, laughing.

Lady

"Lady Lumley can have your bed, to-morrow night, and then she will have sufficient room."

"She may have it *to-night*," answered Lord Montague.

By this time what had been administered to Lavinia had taken effect ; and she found herself so overpowered with sleep, that she bade the family good night, and retired to her chamber. Throwing herself into bed, she soon fell asleep, leaving the door unlocked for Lady Lumley.

The time now arrived when Beverly, accompanied by Lord Montague, repaired to the chamber of Lavinia ; the unsuspecting Henry, knew no other than that it was Lady Cecilia's. He stayed to hear the door locked, and then, attended by Courville, mounted his horse, and rode off.

The two cousins had sat up together to chat over the events of the next day when some one tapped at the door ; it was opened, and Lady Lumley entered.

"Good

"Good God! ladies," said she, "I can scarce credit my senses!"

"What is the matter?" re-echoed from both, in one voice.

"Why" replied she "I was going into Lavinia's room to sleep, and I found the door locked. I thought it queer, as I told her I should lay with her; but recollecting there was a door through the closet, I went that way; when, mercy on me! I was surprised to find Lord Montague in bed with her!"

"Lord Montague in bed with her!" reiterated both the ladies together.

"So it is," said Lady Lumley "and if you please, I will attend you to her chamber that you may be convinced of it."

Lady Cecilia involuntarily started forward. Lady Lumley followed; "don't you go, Lady Monimia?"

"No ma'am" she replied, with pointed coolness. "What can be the meaning of all this?" she continued when they had both left her. "There must be more in it than can at present be penetrated into;

but it must not pass thus—I will strive to sift it.”

While Lady Monimia made this soliloquy, the two ladies arrived at the door of Lavinia's chamber. “Look” said Lady Lumley “is not that Montague?” Beverly pretending to be roused by the noise, started up, and then, as if frightened by the sight of Lady Cecilia, shrunk back again and covered himself with the bed cloaths. There was only the lamp in the room, and Lady Cecilia retired fully convinced of his being Lord Montague.

“It is too true, Monimia,” said she, as she entered the room. “I have seen them, and am convinced,” throwing herself into a chair and bursting into tears. “Ungrateful Montague! Ungrateful Lavinia!” Then wiping her face “I will lay with you to night, Monimia; and Lady Lumley shall have my bed.” This affair being settled, the ladies, after wishing a good night, retired. Harriet went once more to Lavinia's room, to rouse Beverly; they congratulated each other upon

upon the success of their plot, and retired to one bed. "What do you think of this?" said Lady Cecilia to her cousin, when they were alone.

"I don't know what to think," replied Lady Monimia; "but what do you intend doing?"

"Do, why what it is natural to suppose, tell my father of it; that he may dismiss Lord Montague."

"What, on the day appointed for your marriage?" interrupted Lady Monimia.

"Heavens, what a question! Do you imagine I would marry him?"

"And how do you intend acting towards Lavinia?" said Monimia, scarce knowing what she said.

"Make her a handsome present, and discharge her." Monimia sighed. "Then you are determined on her leaving you; remember, she is the friend of your infancy. Appearances may be against her, yet consider *well*. She *may* be innocent.

"*Innocent!* Oh heaven! Did I not see her in bed with Montague? that



is her *friendship*. I am fully resolved that she shall not sleep under this roof, another night."

Lady Monimia knew the peculiar obstinacy of her cousin's disposition, and therefore, was convinced that Lavinia must leave house.



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## C H A P. XIII.

## THE WEDDING DAY.

Oh! do not thus with cruelty's keen breath,  
Blow off and scatter the sweet dew of mercy.  
When from the heav'n of pow'r that soft rain falls,  
The thriving state looks fresh; dominion prospers,  
And parch'd rebellion shuts her drowfy carpings.  
Mercy is the becoming smile of Justice:  
This makes her lovely, as her rigour dreadful.  
Either, alone, defective——but when join'd,  
Like clay, and water, in the potter's hands,  
They mingle influence, and together rise  
In forms, which neither separate could bestow.

HILL.

THE two ladies were just up,  
and dressed, the next morning, when the  
door opened, and in came Lavinia.  
“May this day bring continual happiness  
to my dear benefactress; and may each

year prove an addition to it." Lady Cecilia turned disdainfully from her, and bursting into tears, said to Lady Monimia, "This is more than I can bear," and then left the room abruptly.

"What can this mean?" said the petrified Lavinia.

"Alas, my dear girl, I fear you must leave Drayton-Abbey, to day."

"My God! what for?—I don't know what you mean!"

"It is a matter of too much delicacy for me to repeat—but—I pity you."

"Yes, I fear something has passed," said Lavinia; "that wine made me very sleepy, and all is not right."

"Do you think there was any thing in your wine?"

"*I do.*" Each of them sighed, but were incapable of speaking. The servant now entered, to inform them breakfast waited; they then descended to the breakfast parlour.

"What is the matter Monimia," said Lord Augustus as they entered, "that  
Montague

Montague is absent, and Cecilia, and my father breakfast alone in the study?"

"Lord Montague absent! I did not know it."

"He, his valet, his horses, and all that belongs to him, have disappeared." While this was passing, Lavinia had retired to the window, at the farther part of the room. Monimia followed.

"Lavinia" said she, "will you oblige me, by answering one question, though you may think it a liberty in my asking it?" "I will," replied Lavinia, with firmness. Lady Monimia blushed—she hesitated, and was at a loss to express herself; recovering, however, she said "pray was Lord Montague partial to you?"

"Me! my God! what an idea!"

"Well, Lavinia, I know not what to say, but the whole mystery terminates in this; Lord Montague was supposed to have lain with you last night, and his disappearing has confirmed it in the opinion of Cecilia."

"Alas! Thou all avenging God!" murmured Lavinia, "with what wilt thou

afflict me next? Ah, my dear Lady Monimia, "believe not the tale." and pressed her hand with convulsive horror.

"I do not, my dear girl."

"May heaven repay you," answered Lavinia.

This had passed between the two ladies in a whisper; but Lord Augustus and Lady Lumley, expressing a wish for their breakfast, they repaired to the table, but neither touched any thing; the solitary meal was soon finished, and each person retired to their apartments.

Lady Cecilia, when she left her dressing room, hastened to the study of her father, and with great agitation informed him of the last night's adventure, and at the same time begged him to seek Lord Montague, and desire him to depart from the house. The Earl obeyed, but Lord Montague, and all that belonged to him were already gone. The Earl returned, and informed Lady Cecilia of it. "It is as I suspected," said she. "When I entered the room, he started up, and fearing to meet the injured Cecilia, he has privately left the house,"



house." After a pause, she continued, "Lavinia, my dear father, must not remain in this house, the sight of her would annihilate me; oblige me, therefore, by presenting her with this pocket-book, and let her, if *she pleases*, follow Lord Montague."

"My God," said Lavinia, as she threw herself on a settee in her own chamber; "what can all this mean, an incomprehensible mystery appears through the house, the whole of which seems to center in me. Ah, my God, will my miseries never end! Was it not enough that I never knew my parents! Then did I not suffer sufficient in being betrayed by a monster of brutality! And then did I not see my own infant killed by the same barbarian? Oh my God! What a world of agonizing misery is there in the recollection!"

The Earl now entered. "By the desire of my daughter, I am to present you with this pocket-book Miss Spencer: the contents, amount to two hundred pounds, and

and with it, it is the desire of Lady Cecilia, that you will leave the Abbey."

"Ah, my Lord!" said Lavinia, in a tone that would have melted a heart of adamant, "in pity to me, let me know my crime, permit me to see Lady Cecilia," and she knelt as she spoke "that I may beg her to extend a little *mercy* towards me." "My daughter is inexorable," replied the Earl; "and her fixed determination is, not to see you. I will therefore if you please, Miss Spencer, order the servant to bespeak you a chaise," and with those words he left the room.

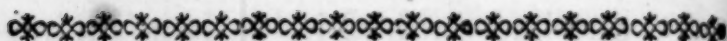
"O thou effigy of a beloved mother unknown," said Lavinia, as she took from her bosom a miniature picture; "if thou art not left in "this vale of woes," hover round thy wretched offspring, and protect her; and if thou art still on earth—O, thou Almighty Father of all things, guide me to her, and let me, after all my misery, feel the pleasure of a maternal embrace! After she had bathed the portrait with her tears, she returned it to her bosom, and  
rising

rising, packed up her wardrobe for a journey. She had finished it, and put on her habit, and the chaise had not yet come; she therefore left her room, to take a walk in the garden, in hopes of seeing Lady Monimia, to bid her adieu. "I will take my last farewell of this favourite place," said she, as she ascended the steps of the temple. She had not been in it a moment, before Captain Beverly entered.

"Beloved Lavinia," said he, "you are going to leave the Abbey. Come then, to these arms, which shall afford you protection. My fortune's ample, which shall be at your command; you shall have a chariot, and every thing to make you happy, if you will *once more* bless me."

"Sooner would I receive instant annihilation," replied Lavinia.

"It is well, madam; but know, that after all the trouble I have had I shall not relinquish you."



## CHAP. XIV.

## A JOURNEY TO LONDON.

————— “Wouldst thou say  
 To the poor wretch, who after many a step  
 O'er Afric's burning sands, half dead with drought,  
 Holds in his parching and eager hand at last,  
 The liquid blessing that he long had pin'd for.  
 Then wouldst thou say, that wisdom bids him dash  
 The salutary treasure from his tongue,  
 And perish by the thirst that wastes his being.

HAYLEY.

“**T**HUS Lavinia wouldst thou  
 have me resign all that's worth living for,  
 but no, my charmer, I cannot—will not  
 do it.” While he repeated the above  
 lines, Lavinia had reached the door, and  
 was just going to escape, when he caught  
 her in his arms, and prevented her. La-  
 vinia

inia shrieked; in a moment the door opened, and Lady Monimia entered. She cast at Beverly a look of indignation, and haughtily said, "I wish, sir, to speak to Miss Spencer, alone." He bowed, and left the temple.

"Methinks I see to the bottom of this scheme, my dear girl," said Lady Monimia, "but do not despair; take this letter and present it to the lady to whom it is directed. In the winter, when we were in town, she was in Paris, you therefore never saw her; but if you give her this billet, you will find in her a true and sincere friend, and one who will protect you until such time I am united to my Augustus, and have a house of my own to offer you." Lavinia took the letter, and kissed the hand with extacy that presented it, Lady Monimia pressed her tenderly to her bosom, and imprinted on her cheek an affectionate embrace. A domestic now entered the temple, to inform Lavinia the chaise waited; the two ladies shed tears at parting, and was a long time before they could



could bid each other adieu. Lavinia gave the pocket-book to Lady Monimia, and begged her to return it to Lady Cecilia, and with it her thanks: but as she was not in immediate necessity she could not think of accepting it. The baggage being properly placed, she stepped into the chaise and drove off. Lavinia slept that night on the road, but arrived the next day at noon in Grosvenor-square, at the house of Lady Davenport, to whom the letter was directed. She was shewn into a parlour, and the housekeeper waited on her to know her pleasure. She requested to see Lady Davenport, to whom she was introduced in her ladyship's dressing-room, and was received with every mark of politeness. Her ladyship desired to know her commands; Lavinia gave her the letter, the purport of which was as follows:

*To Lady Davenport.*

DRAYTON-ABBEY.

“ I have committed to your charge, my dear Angelina, a trust that must be your peculiar care—it is the lovely Lavinia that claims your protection. My cousin has withdrawn her friendship from her, on an imaginary crime, which I am convinced she is innocent of, and which is a fabric raised by her enemies; guard her, therefore, as if it was thy Monimia left to thy care, until such time as I have a house of my own. Then I shall claim your lovely charge for myself—adieu, present my respects to your *cara sposa*, and your sister. Yours,

*Monimia Drayton.”*

When Lady Davenport had read the letter, she kindly embraced Lavinia, welcomed her to her house, and assured her of her friendship. She then turned to her woman, who was waiting, and ordered  
her

her to get Miss Spencer some refreshment, and while the attendant was absent, Lady Davenport thus addressed Lavinia.

“ Throughout the whole of Monimia’s letters, she continually mentioned the lovely Lavinia, in so much, that she quite raised my curiosity to see you ;—you cannot, therefore, my dear girl, imagine how happy you have made me by this visit.” Lavinia expressed her gratitude, and Lady Davenport continued, “ The town is beginning to fill, and to-night is the first route I give. May I hope for the pleasure of introducing you to my friends; or are you too much fatigued with your journey?” Lavinia replied, she would attend her in the drawing-room ; the servant now entered to lay the cloth, and after Lavinia had eaten a few morsels, Lady Davenport’s woman assisted her to dress.

This being compleated, she descended to the drawing-room, which was already almost filled. Lady Davenport introduced her to her lord, who complimented her with a deal of politeness. She was then

then introduced to Lady Georgina, Lady Davenport's sister, who declared herself excessively happy by the addition to the family, and said gaily to her sister, "Indeed, Angelina, you must let me have the honour of presenting the sweet Lavinia to Lord Arundel." Lady Davenport therefore resigned her to her giddy sister, who introduced her in the following manner to Lord Arundel: "Here my dear grandpapa, this is Miss Spencer, for whom I bespeak your friendship."

"I freely give it her," replied he, "for her lovely countenance would have bespoken it, if my mad-cap Georgina had not." Lavinia returned him her thanks for the honour he did her, and then by the desire of Lady Georgina, she sat down next to her on the sofa.

"Lord Arundel cannot surely be your grandfather, Lady Georgina," said Lavinia, some time after.

"No, to be sure, he is not," replied she. "He is no relation of ours, for all he lives in the house; but he is a charming

man, and not knowing what to call him, I honour him with the appellation of grand-papa. For do you know, child, I cannot bear to title people in form, and you must positively never call me any thing but plain Georgina, and I shall call you my Lavinia."

"To be honoured with the appellation of *your* Lavinia, would give me infinite pleasure; but indeed I cannot call you by any thing but your proper title."

"But, indeed child, you shall."





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CHAP. XV.

THE PHENOMENON.

But if the lover hopes to be in grace,  
 Wan be his looks, and meagre be his face;  
 That colour from the fair compassion draws,  
 She thinks you sick, and thinks herself the cause.

OVID.

LADY Georgina repeated the above lines, and then continued, "Do, pray, my dear Lavinia, look at that phenomenon of fashion which is just entered, and tell me if you do not think he studies the lines I just repeated" Lavinia laughed. Perhaps it may not be improper to give a description of the gentleman. His name was Sir Harry le Blond; he was tall to a degree, and excessively thin, so much so, that he had more the appear-

ance of a skeleton than a living being. His face was of a most pallid or fallow hue, and his dress assisted to make him more conspicuous. His hair was dressed very wide, and profuse in small curls behind; it was platted, and turned up short; round his neck he wore a cravat, in which was rolled something in imitation of a towel, which projected to such a degree, that it showed a brown and skinny neck, truly odious. To ornament this neck-dress more, it had an enormous bow tied at the front, which was edged with point lace; the waistcoat was of blue satin, edged with fox trimmings; the coat was striped silk of various colours; the *small cloaths* were of nankeen, though at a distance they looked more like buckskin; to those were added an enormous profusion of knee strings; white silk stockings; Spanish leather shoes, and oblong silver buckles, inlaid with gold; a fox tippet, and muff completed the beau.

When the ladies were tired of laughing at Sir Harry, the conversation changed, and

and after various chit-chat, Lady Georgina asked Lavinia if she was fond of writing.

"Very fond," replied Lavinia.

"I am glad of it," said Lady Georgina, "and one of these days, I shall show you some of my productions. Would you believe, my sweet girl I have wrote for the press already?"

"Your ladyship astonishes me, what in the name of heaven could induce you?"

"Ha! ha! ha! amusement, my sweet girl, and sufficient I received from it, I can assure you; if you are inclined to listen to my nonsense, I will give you an anecdote of the novel I wrote."

"I can perceive," said Lavinia, "you are a little inclined to be satirical; proceed therefore, I am all attention." Lady Georgina laughed, and began:

"When I was in Wales, last summer, I was annihilated by that demon *Ennui*; being fond of writing, and in order to dissipate it, I resolved to write a novel.

In our neighbourhood, there was a Mr. Sims, and family, which consisted of the old lady and gentleman, two daughters, and three sons. When my novel was finished, I told one of the girls of it, and she instantly imparted it to the rest of the family; they were all very eager to see it, but I only laughed at them. When the winter approached, we repaired to town, the Sims's family came likewise; I now published my novel, and for the interest of the printer, allowed it to be advertised. Mr. S. Sims read the advertisement, and purchased the book; a few days after, my brother had occasion to go into the city to call on his banker, and by chance met Mr. S. Sims. "Well, my lord, I have read Lady Georgina's book," my brother laughed, "and," continued he, "I am sure she never wrote it, for it is too well done, some other person is the author, and Lady Georgina's name is only borrowed." "Now, my dear Lavinia," said Lady Georgina, "I intend to be revenged on them, for I have begun another

ther novel, a fatirical one, in which I intend taking off all my acquaintance, and the first on the list will be a description of the Sims's family; now, mind you behave well, Lavinia, or you will be among the rest."

Lavinia laughed, and told her lively ladyship, she hoped she should not be so unfortunate. "If it is not too much trouble," continued she, "I should be much obliged to your ladyship for the description of the Sims's family, for perhaps you may repent, and not favour the public with it."

"You could not ask me for any thing that would please me more; I will therefore give it you with pleasure." Here she gave a long detail of the ignorance and deformity of the Sims's family, and was proceeding farther, when Lavinia cried out, "Stop, stop, for heaven's sake, your satire carries you too far."

"Indeed, my love," said Lady Georgina, "I have not in the least deviated from truth."



"Then you have sufficiently surfeited me," replied Lavinia. Georgina was now called to the whist table, and Lady Euphemia Roseville, took the seat by Lavinia upon the sofa.



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C H A P. XVI.

THE CONQUEST.

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He that loves  
Goes out to sea upon a shatter'd plank,  
And puts his trust in miracles for safety.  
YOUNG.

"I am come," said Lady Euphemia, "to solicit your friendship,—I left the card table purposely,—will you allow me, therefore, to be your friend?"

"With pleasure," replied Lavinia, warmly. "Surely," said she, to herself, "there is something peculiar in this metropolis, that makes all the woman so enchantingly irresistible."

"I shall claim an early demonstration of the friendship you have promised me," said Lady Euphemia; "it is," continued she,

she, "to come with Lady Georgina to breakfast with me, to-morrow morning, and after which I will take you both to an auction."

"If agreeable to Lady Georgina," replied Lavinia, "I will accept of your polite offer with pleasure; but one thing must be omitted, which is breakfasting with you, for perhaps, Lady Davenport may think it disrespectful in me, if I do not breakfast with her the first morning."

Lady Euphemia replied, "that she was a very good girl, and had her thoughts more about her than she had."

"Who, my dear ma'am," said Lavinia, after a pause; "is that gentleman that leans upon the back of Lord Arundel's chair? He has not played the whole evening, and his eyes have been directed all the night this way; and if by chance I have observed him, he withdrew his eyes in so modest a manner, that it is impossible to be angry with him for staring."

"It is the Marquis of Caernarvon—I assure you, you have made a very enviable

viable conquest, for I observed, as well as you did, how much he gazed upon you."

Lavinia was prevented from making reply, by Lady Davenport's coming up to her, "Why my dear girl," said her ladyship, you must be quite sick with *ennui*, sitting so long without amusement. Come, my love, you must take one rubber at whist."

"Your ladyship pays a very poor compliment to my two new friends, as to imagine I could have the least *ennui* when in their company," She then would have declined playing, but Lady Davenport would take no refusal; she was therefore obliged to seat herself at the card table. The party consisted of herself, Lady Euphemia, and a gentleman whom the company called Sir John. Lady Davenport was at a loss for a fourth, when she, by chance cast her eyes upon the Marquis, "Mercy on me, my lord!" said she, "why one would think you was turned into a statue, you have not touched a card

to night; come, I just want you—you must positively make up this table." This invitation was too coincident with his own wishes for to be refused, he therefore seated himself without being asked a second time. Fortune was kind to his wishes, and gave him Lavinia for his partner.

"I'll bet any body eight to five on this side," said Sir Harry le Blond, as he came and leaned himself upon the back of Lavinia's chair.

"You pay me a fine compliment, Sir Harry," said Lady Euphemia, smiling.

"*Ah moi chere belle pardonnez moi*, but who would not bet their *all* upon such a divinity as this." Lavinia blushed exceedingly, but made no reply to this extravagant compliment as she thought it; Lady Euphemia laughed, and declared Sir Harry to be the most gallant man she knew.

The game was not long, and terminated in favour of Lady Euphemia. "Are you not very angry with me, my lord," said  
Lavinia,



Lavinia, smiling, as they arose from the table, "for loosing your money?"

"No, indeed," replied the Marquis, pressing her hand at the same time, with energy, "I am not; that smile which adorned your countenance, as you spoke, would repay a man for losing the world." Lavinia became embarrassed, but Lady Georgina joining them, happily relieved her. The company now began to disperse, and the Marquis asked Lavinia if she would permit him to see after her carriage.

"I have none, my lord," replied she.

"Your chair then, ma'am"

"I am much obliged to your lordship," replied she, smiling at this little piece of artifice; "but I have no occasion for either, as my place of residence is in the house."

"How comes it, then, that I never had the pleasure of seeing you before?"

"Because I have but this day arrived from the country."

The

The room now began to get empty, and the Marquis, among the rest, bid the family good night. Lady Euphemia had been asked by Lady Davenport to stay supper, she consented, and while the cloth was laying, she came up to Lavinia, "Georgina has consented, dear girl," said she, "I shall, therefore, expect you by one o'clock. I have a sister, likewise, whom I wish to present to you; alas, poor girl!" and she sighed, "I fear I shall soon lose her. She is far advanced in a decline—the Bath and Bristol waters have been tried without effect, she is sinking hourly into the grave." Her eyes were now diffused with tears, and Lavinia involuntary wept likewise.

"Is there any peculiar cause for her illness?" interrogated Lavinia.

"Alas! too much cause," answered Lady Euphemia. "You shall see my beloved sister, my sweet Emmeline, and then I will inform you of her little history, in which you will see the effect love has on her, truly I may say with the poet, that

C H A P.



## C H A P. XVII.

## THE LETTER.

——— Language is to faint to shew  
 The rage of love—it preys upon her life;  
 She pines, she sickens, she despairs, she dies.

\* \* \* \* \*

Heaven's! would one think, 'twere possible for love  
 To make such ravage in a noble soul?  
 Oh, I'm distress'd! my heart bleeds for her!

ADDISON.

THE conversation was interrupted by the appearance of supper, and the family seating themselves, Lord Arundel placed himself next Lavinia, whom he seemed much struck with, and to whom he paid every polite attention; the supper concluded, Lady Euphemia departed not until she had again reminded the two ladies of  
 their

their promise. The family now separated, and Lady Davenport herself, accompanied by Lady Georgina, showed Lavinia to her bed-chamber, she returned them her thanks—they would hear none, and wishing her pleasant sleep, they left the room.

“How peculiarly fortunate have I been from my earliest infancy, in my female friendships!” exclaimed Lavinia, “Beverly dare not profane *this* roof, but should he, by chance, make his appearance here, I would instantly make Lady Davenport acquainted my *tale of woe*. Should he then attempt any more stratagems, they would be frustrated, by her being acquainted with his villainy.”

The next morning when Lavinia arose, it being earlier than the rest of the family, she sat down to write to Lady Monimia, a long letter of thanks; and she gave a description of the route, &c. She added in her letter, “By the appearances of the family, I think I shall be as happy as *I can be*.” She finished her letter, and then went down to the breakfast parlour. The  
family

family had not yet arose, and the servant hearing some one enter the parlour, came to see who it was; finding Miss Spencer, he gave her a letter, which he informed her had just arrived by the post. Lavinia opened it, and found it was from Lady Monimia.

TO MISS SPENCER.

I shall make no apology, dear girl, for so soon troubling you with an epistle, as the whole of the subject on which I write concerns yourself.

Soon after you left Drayton Abbey, the dinner bell called the family together;

"Where is Miss Spencer?" asked Lord Augustus.

"I wish you would not ask questions, brother," cried Lady Cecilia, peevishly. Augustus was silent until the servants had withdrawn, then looking at me, he said,

Vol. I.

H

"Perhaps,



" Perhaps, Monimia, you can give me  
 " a more satisfactory answer."

" I can, my Lord—Miss Spencer is  
 " gone from the Abbey."

" Gone," said he; " where? and why is  
 " she gone?"

" I cannot tell you why, but she is gone  
 " to London."

" To London!" reiterated Capt. Beverly.

" But I imagine *you* know for *why*, Cecilia," continued Augustus.

" La, brother, I wish you would not be  
 " so inquisitive, for I know nothing about  
 " it."

" This is something queer," said Augustus, " that Lavinia is gone, the wedding broke, the bridegroom absent, and  
 " every one in the family seems to be in  
 " the secret except myself, who I think  
 " should be the first to know it."

" Nothing more was said about it. At  
 night, however, when Maxwell was helping  
 me to undress, she began talking,

" La, Me'em," said she, " how our family  
 " decreases to-day; Lord Montague  
 " gue

"gue and Miss Spencer left the Abbey,  
"and to-morrow Captain Beverly is go-  
"ing, and then," continued she, looking  
at me archly, "there is no doubt but  
"Lady Lumley will follow him."

"Captain Beverly going?" said I—  
"Why I know nothing of it."

"Me'em, but I do; for Charles, his  
"valet, had orders this afternoon to be-  
"speak chaises, to be here to-morrow  
"noon, for London."

"Humph," said I.

"And I suppose Mr. Charles had orders  
"from his master to sift me too," conti-  
nued my loquacious informer: "But  
"master Charles got nothing from me;  
"for you know Me'em I knew nothing."

"What did he want to know of you,  
"Mexwell?"

"Why, Me'em, he wanted sadly to  
"know whereabouts in London Miss  
"Spencer had gone: I don't know, in-  
"deed, Mr. Charles, said I. "Oh, la,  
"my dear Me'em, you need not shew  
"yourself airs about it, for I don't care a

"rush to know." Saying this, he took  
 "out his white pocket-handkerchief,  
 "which was so finely scented with his  
 "master's essence, and dabbed it in my  
 "face with such an air of affectation, that  
 "made me sick; so I left the kitchen and  
 "him too."

"I now told her she might leave me;  
 after which I considered over the past  
 conversation. Beverly then intends  
 going to London in pursuit of Lavinia;  
 but I will strive to prevent him by some  
 stratagem. I had no occasion for the  
 trouble; fortune took it upon herself.

"At breakfast, the next morning, an  
 express arrived for Captain Beverly.  
 Chagrined to the soul he seemed while  
 he read it, and I, who sat next to him,  
 heard him mutter, "I want not their  
 aggrandizement; I'll be d—n'd if I  
 don't resign my commission."

"Some pleasing news, Captain," said  
 the Earl, "that comes by express."

"Not very pleasing, my Lord;" then  
 giving my uncle the letter, he said,

"You

"You may read it, if you please." The letter was from the General, to inform him that he must set out instantly for Portsmouth, to join his regiment, which was ready to embark for Gibraltar. The letter likewise informed him that he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

"Not good news, young man," said the Earl: "Why, if I was you, I should think it the best news I could receive."

"Beverly made no answer, but rang for his valet, and after giving him some orders, he re-seated himself. The breakfast was just concluded, when the chaise arrived at the door; his baggage was ready, and his servant soon placed them in the chaise. He took leave of the Earl, Augustus, myself, and Cecilia; but I determined to chagrine him a little before he went.

"Lady Lumley was confined to her room with a cold, and therefore knew nothing of his going: "Colonel," said I, "you won't go without taking leave of

“ Lady Lumley ; I will, if you please,  
 “ send a servant up to ask if you may not  
 “ be admitted into her dressing-room.”

“ I am much obliged to you, Lady Mo-  
 “ nimia,” said he, with an expressive look,  
 and evidently vexed, “ but I have not  
 “ time ; I shall therefore trouble you to  
 “ present my respects to Lady Lumley.”  
 “ He then bid us good-by, and departed.

“ Wishing to discharge myself of my  
 commission, I entered the apartment of  
 Lady Lumley : “ I am come, Ma’am,”  
 “ said I, “ to present Beverly’s respects to  
 “ you, and at the same time to apologize  
 “ for his not having time to take leave of  
 “ you personally.”

“ Take leave !” cried she, in a tone of  
 “ horror and surprise ; “ Where is he then  
 “ gone ?”

“ To Portsmouth, Ma’am, to join his re-  
 “ giment, which is instantly to embark for  
 “ Gibraltar.” “ When I pronounced those  
 words, Lavinia, I think I never saw so  
 compleat a picture of despair ; clasping  
 her hands, and raising her eyes to hea-  
 ven,



ven, she burst into tears: "How unfortunate," exclaimed she, "that I came not down to breakfast this morning!—" "Since you are witness to my weakness, I will conceal nothing from you—but I am miserable—Leave me, therefore, dear Lady Monimia, for one hour; at the expiration of that time I will send for you, and entrust you with a secret." "I silently bowed my head, and left the room; nor could I help feeling for this woman, Lavinia, altho' she never was a favourite with me. Were I to see my greatest enemy weep, and exclaim that they were miserable, I could not forbear sympathizing with them. Two hours elapsed, but no message came from Lady Lumley. The third had nearly expired, when Maxwell came to ask me if I would not dress—She immediately began with

"La, Me'em, I shall be so glad when all these underhanded doings are done with."

"What now, Maxwell?"

H 4

"La,

“ La, Me'em, there was yesterday Lord  
 “ Montague went off, French fashion, as  
 “ the saying is, and now to-day there's  
 “ Lady Lumley gone in the same manner.”

“ Lady Lumley gone !”

“ Yes, Me'em, I see her go with my own  
 “ eyes ; a chaise waited at the corner of  
 “ the park : I see Dobson put all Lady  
 “ Lumley's trunks and boxes behind the  
 “ chaise ; I saw her Ladyship get in too,  
 “ and mortal big she looked—just as if she  
 “ was pregnant (aye, Lavinia, what do you  
 “ say to that) ; and Dobson got in after-  
 “ wards, and then the chaise drove off.”

“ Go,” said I to this female Marplot,  
 “ and see if Lady Lumley has left a letter  
 “ in her chamber.” She went, and soon  
 returned with two—one was directed to  
 Cecilia, the other to me. I broke the  
 seal of mine, and read these words :

“ Necessity, my dear Lady Monimia,  
 “ obliges me to depart—yet think not I  
 “ follow that wretch Beverly. Harriot  
 “ Lumley possesses not a soul so exalted

"as Lady Monimia, yet it would shrink  
 "from so humiliating a step. I go to a  
 "small estate of my own, where, for-  
 "getting and forgot, I will sink into ob-  
 "scurity, and curse the perfidy of man.

"Yet before I go, I must impart to you  
 "a secret, which is, that Lavinia and  
 "Lord Montague are innocent; I and  
 "Beverly only are guilty. For a reason,  
 "unknown to me, Beverly wished to get  
 "Miss Spencer from the Abbey, for which  
 "he formed a plot, in which he succeeded  
 "but too well. He informed Lord Mon-  
 "tague that the coldness of Lady Cecilia  
 "towards him was owing to the love she  
 "had for himself; beside which, he pre-  
 "sented to his Lordship a letter which he  
 "pretended he had from Lady Cecilia to  
 "invite him that evening to her chamber.  
 "Lord Montague believed it, and with  
 "his valet left the house. Miss Spencer  
 "had a small quantity of laudanum given  
 "her, and Beverly took the place, which  
 "Lady Cecilia thought was Lord Mon-  
 "tague.

"tague. We perceived you was not so  
 "easily duped, and therefore feared you.

"Thus have I elucidated as much of  
 "the mystery as my agitated spirits will  
 "permit. Excuse me, if the small narra-  
 "tion is not so legible as I could wish,  
 "for time will only allow me to say, I re-  
 "main Your obedient,

HARRIOT LUMLEY."

"As soon as I read it, my dear Lavinia, I hastened to the chamber of Cecilia, and gave her the other note, and told her Lady Lumley had left it for her. She opened it and read it. It only contained an apology for her abrupt departure, and a return of thanks for the hospitality with which she had been treated. Soon as Cecilia had perused it, I gave her my note. After she had read it, she bursted into tears, "Oh, Monimia!" exclaimed she, "how I have treated Lavinia! tell me where she is, that I may fly and intreat her on my knees to pardon and return to me."

"Be

"Be assured, my dear cousin, she pardons you; but, like the wounded snake, she never could return to you." Thus, my dear girl, every thing is cleared up to your advantage, and you are no longer looked on as guilty. We are going to Paris, as soon as we can get ready, where we are to spend the winter. Adieu, dear Lavinia; present my respects to the amiable family you are with, and believe me

Your sincere and

Devoted friend,

MONIMIA DRAYTON."





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## CHAP. XVI.

### THE LOVE-LORN FAIR ONE.

Oh! have you seen a lilly pale,  
When beating rains descend;  
So drooped the flow-consuming maid,  
Her life's now near the end.

TICKELL.

LAVINIA had just finished her letter, when Lord Arundel entered the parlour.

"Well, my fair friend, how did you sleep in a strange bed last night?"

"Perfectly well, I thank you, my Lord; I hope you did likewise?"

"I did, my sweet girl, I thank you." Lady Georgina now entered; and running up to Lavinia, she exclaimed, "What a naughty truant you are! I went to your room,

room, and you were flown." Without staying for Lavinia's answer, she turned to Lord Arundel. Lord and Lady Davenport now joined them, and after inquiries had passed to and fro, the family seated themselves to breakfast. The chariot soon after was at the door, and Lady Georgina and Lavinia drove to Manchester-square. They were shewn to the drawing-room, where Lady Euphemia was waiting for them; Lady Emmeline, her sister, was on a settee, but arose at their entrance. She presented only the remains of a beautiful woman—her once elegant form was quite emaciated—her black eyes had lost all their lustre—and her pallid cheeks expressed an aching heart. She sighed repeatedly; though, amidst all her sorrows, she appeared perfectly good-natured.

"If you find yourself, my dear Emmeline, uneasy, I will not leave you," said Lady Euphemia.

"By no means, my love," she replied.

"I am perfectly composed, and besides,  
while

while you are gone, I shall find amusement in this" (taking up Young's Night Thoughts). The three ladies bid her a good morning, and proceeded forward to the auction. "I promised you last night, Miss Spencer, after you had seen my Emmeline, to give you her little history, Lady Georgina I think never heard it; if, therefore, it is agreeable to you both, I will repeat it now." The two ladies expressed the pleasure it would give them, and Lady Euphemia continued.

"We lost our mother in our infancy; our grand-mother therefore took upon herself the care of our education: our juvenile days I shall pass over, till Emmeline was sixteen—I was a year younger. At that period we lost our grand-mother, and returned to the house of our father, the care of which was given to my sister. She was introduced to the world, and like all fine girls, got numerous admirers. Emmeline gave the preference to a Sir Frederick Beauchamp, who really loved her to distraction, though Emmeline's attachment

ment

ment was by no means so intense. One evening, however, he attended us to a ball, and it was the first time I made my appearance in public. He, according to custom, danced with my sister; and as usual begged leave to inquire after her health the next morning. The boon was granted, and he came. Emmeline has since informed me he that morning made an open declaration of his passion, and asked permission to speak to her father. Emmeline, blushing, said, "She had no" — She would have added "objection," but the door opened, and my father entered.

"I fear, my sweet girl," said Lord Roseville, "I have interrupted you."

"No, my dear papa," replied Emmeline, covered with blushes, "you have not."

"What an unfortunate moment!" muttered Sir Frederick; "just as she was consenting, to be interrupted!"

"The reason, my love," said my father, smiling, "that I made this untimely visit was,

was, because your cousin is arrived, and as he has never seen you, nor your sister, he is impatient for that pleasure."

"Let us go to him, my dear sir," said Emmeline, giving my father her hand; then turning to Sir Frederick, "You will excuse me; I shall see you again in the evening, as you have promised to accompany us to the theatre." She then curtsied, bid him good morning, and retired to the drawing-room with my father, who introduced her to my cousin Edward. After the first compliments had passed which are usual on such occasions, Emmeline took a full survey of her cousin.—Alas! she gazed, and gazed again, and sighed and felt, she knew not what!

"How fortunate it was," said she to herself, "that my father came in the moment I was going to promise to be Sir Frederick's. My honour would have obliged me to have been his, but *now*," and she seemed animated with joy, "if Edward likes me, I can be his." I happened to be out shopping, and came not home  
till



till my sister had retired to dress—I therefore went to her room, to shew her my purchases. “Dear Euphemia,” exclaimed she, “our cousin Edward is arrived—Oh, my dear girl, how charming he is!” and she sighed.

“Why that sigh, Emmeline?”—She smiled. “Poor Sir Frederic,” cried I, shaking my head. She blushed. At dinner I was introduced to my cuz, and found the poor fellow as amiable as Emmeline had represented him. In the evening, Sir Frederic came to escort us—he was Emmeline’s beau—Edward was mine. Emmeline no longer distinguished her favourite by a thousand little endearments as she used to do. She was cool and absent. Sir Frederic observed it, and was chagrined. Each word Mr. Melville spoke, she would hang on with rapture—yet if Beauchamp uttered a word, she knew not what he said. Melville perceived her partiality—unlike the generality of mankind, he was grateful for the favour, and returned her heart for heart.

summer now approached, and preparations were made for our going to the country. "Emmeline, my love," said my father one day at dinner, "shall I give Beauchamp an invitation to spend the summer with us?"

"Oh, la, no, Sir!" replied she, so frightened that she knew not what she said. "What, my dear Sir, prejudiced you so in favour of Sir Frederic?" My father smiled, and only replied, he thought Sir Frederic would have been a companion for Edward. The night before we left town, we were at a route—Sir Frederic was there—I was standing by my sister, when he came up to us.



C H A P. XIX.

A DUEL.

I have turn'd o'er the catalogue of woes  
Which sting the heart of man, and find  
None equal. It is the hydra of calamities ;  
The seven-fold death ; the jealous are damn'd ;  
A jealousy each other passion's calm ;  
To thee, thou conflagration of the soul,  
Thou king of torments, thou grand counterpoize  
For all the transports beauty can inspire.

YOUNG.

“**D**EAR Lady Emmeline,” said  
he, taking the hand of my sister, “ I fear  
I have been so unfortunate as to offend  
you, though, heaven is my witness, I  
know not in what.”

“ Indeed, Sir,” replied she, coolly,  
“ you have not.”

“Then why, my Emmeline, that coldness—that pointed neglect, with which you treat me?”

“Bless me, Sir, what makes you think so?—You grow so *jealous*, that you make one cold.”

“Pardon me, Lady Emmeline, if I acknowledge that I love you beyond my life; but I never was so mean as to be jealous.”

“That is a plain proof, Sir, that you don’t care for me.”

“Ah! say not so, beloved Emmeline; let the past be forgot—to-morrow you are to go to the country for a long long summer; I shall not see you—I must, therefore, be miserable—yet let me hope that when you return, I may be re-established in your favour. Let me be once more happy with the idea of being Lady Emmeline’s favourite.”

“It is a long time to next winter, Sir;” and without adding any more, she retired to the upper end of the room.

“Intercede for me, dear Lady Euphemia,” said he—“Be my advocate to your  
lovely

lovely sister." I promised I would, and I kept my word, but to no effect. In the country the lovers settled their affair, and Melville asked my father to let him make Emmeline his—my father consented, and they were married in two months. After we returned to town a few mornings, my brother-in-law seemed unhappy and restless, and went out a deal earlier than usual. Emmeline and myself were sitting that morning at work together, when at twelve o'clock the drawing-room door opened, and in rushed Sir Frederic. His fine beautiful hair hung dishevelled about his shoulders—his eyes looked wild and fiery—and he knelt to my sister—"Oh, thou too lovely enchantress!" exclaimed he, "what a wretch hast thou made me! I am about to fly, too lovely Emmeline, for ever from my country, yet I could not go without bidding you farewell!" Then catching her hand he pressed it to his lips with fervour, and left the room in the same hasty manner he entered it. "Alas, poor Sir Frederic!"



deric!" cried I;—Emmeline blushed and sighed. We were now roused by an alarm which seemed to prevail throughout the house. Emmeline ran to the head of the stairs to know the cause; but how can I express the horror she felt at the sight of her husband, carried up covered with blood, and insensible. She shrieked, and fell lifeless to the ground. The shriek alarmed me; I ran to her, but the sight of Edward caused me to faint. My father, alarmed, came from his study, and having more fortitude than either of us, he gave proper directions to the servants. Melville was put to bed, and a physician was instantly sent for. I and Emmeline were laid on couches in the drawing-room, and by the assistance of the housekeeper we soon recovered; but alas, how changed was my beloved Emmeline!—frantic, wild, incoherent! She raved continually for her Edward, and it was with difficulty we could keep her from him while the physician was examining the wound. No sooner did she hear his foot-  
step

step upon the stairs, than she broke from  
 us, and was in an instant in the chamber  
 of her Edward. I would have followed  
 her, but I wished to ask the doctor's  
 opinion.

"Don't you think, Sir," said I, "that  
 it is improper for my sister to be with her  
 husband, for fear of agitating him?"

"The precaution, Madam," replied he,  
 "is unnecessary. I think it best for Lady  
 Emmeline to be with Mr. Melville while  
 he lives—for he cannot exist an hour; the  
 point of the sword has entered his liver,  
 and all assistance is in vain."

"Alas!" exclaimed I, "then all hopes  
 are annihilated!—Ill-fated Edward!—  
 Wretched Emmeline!"

I now went to the chamber of Melville.  
 Alas! at what a moment did I enter! Em-  
 meline was gazing upon him with an ec-  
 centricity that alarmed me! He had just  
 raised her hand feebly to his lips! sighed!  
 pressed it with as much ardour as he could,  
 but was unable to speak! On a sudden his

countenance expressed as if he felt the most excruciating pangs! then once more raising the hand of Emmeline to his lips—he turned—sighed—and expired——

“He is dead!” exclaimed I with the utmost precipitation, purposely to awaken the feelings of Emmeline to tears; but without effect. She still gazed upon him with the same vacuum. “Emmeline had better be taken from this room,” said I to my father. Grief had overpowered him—he could not articulate an answer. I took my sister’s hand, and led her out of the room. She made no resistance; I therefore conveyed her to her dressing-room, where she seated herself upon a couch.—My father followed.

“Emmeline, my beloved Emmeline!” cried he, “speak but one word to thy distracted parent.” She did not understand him; but she looked at him steadfastly, and smiled: Alas! it was a smile of insensibility.—I need add no more, ladies—suffice it to say, it was a long time before

before Emmeline's senses returned, and then the recollection of the past, threw her into a decline, which I fear will baffle every assistance that can be given her.



XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

## CHAP. XX.

### THE PANTHEON.

'True be it said, whatever man it said,  
 'That love with gall and honey doth abound.  
 But if the one be with the other weigh'd,  
 For every dram of honey therein found,  
 A pound of gall doth over it redound :  
 'That I too true by trial have approved,  
 For since the day that first with deadly wound,  
 My heart was lanc'd and learned to have loved,  
 I never joy'd an hour, but still with care was moved.

SPENCER.

LADY Euphemia ceased—the ladies were bathed in tears. Soon after the coach stopped in Hereford-street, May-fair, at the house where the sale was. The ladies entered the auction-room ; it was already crouded, and among the rest was the Marquis of Caernarvon. He  
 came



came up as soon as he saw them, and spoke.

"Do you go to the masquerade on Monday night, ladies?"

"Oh, heaven!" exclaimed Lady Georgina, "a masquerade—I knew nothing about it. Come, girls, if you purchase any thing, be quick, for I must hasten home and send for tickets." Each of the ladies bought some trifles, and were then handed into the chariot by the Marquis; who bowed and bid them good morning. They sat Lady Euphemia down, and then returned home.

"Dear Angelina," cried Lady Georgina, as soon as she entered the drawing-room, where Lord Davenport and Lord Arundel were playing at chess, and Lady Davenport netting, "send immediately to the Pantheon for tickets; there is a masquerade on Monday." Lord Arundel smiled at her impetuosity, and Lady Davenport rang the bell and gave orders to the servant to fetch the tickets.

"We

"We are quite late," said Lady Georgina—"to-day is Friday; we shall not have much time for our dresses. What character, my dear Lavinia, will you appear in?"

The tale of Lady Emmeline had depressed the feelings of our heroine, and she requested, in a melancholy tone, that she might be excused from assuming any particular character.

"But indeed you shall not," said Lady Georgina. "Let me persuade you to adopt that of Shakespear's Ariel; it is so very pretty, and will so admirably suit you." Lavinia faintly articulated an assent, and Lady Georgina turned to her sister, and interrogated her what character she would choose.

"None;" replied Lady Davenport; "I go merely to oblige you, and will therefore wear a domino."

"Ah, my dear Angelina," said Lady Georgina, shrinking up her shoulders, "it will not do—dominos are become so  
common,

common, that only Cits who have not talents to support a character, wear them."

"What character, then, would you persuade me to?"

"To that of Marmontel's Adelaide." Lady Davenport consented. "Lord Arundel and my brother may go as they please. Diana shall be my character." Lady Georgina sent to know if Lady Euphemia would go with them, and received the following note in reply.

*To Lady Georgina Melfront.*

When your message was delivered, I refused to accompany you.

"How can you be so simple?" said my sister. "Your reason for declining the invitation, I know, is because you will not leave me; but indeed, Euphemia, I am angry with you for it—don't you know I never am so happy as when you receive pleasure. A masquerade you are particularly partial to; I therefore entreat you to go. My father, you know, is always kind enough to devote the evening

to

to me ; as that is the case, you need not fear my being lonesome." Still I objected to going, but my Emmeline insisted on it, and I shall therefore be ready for you whenever you call.

EUPHEMIA ROSEVILLE.

The day arrived—Lady Davenport was habited consonant to her character—Lady Georgina's dress consisted of emerald, green and gold, a quiver of arrows, a bow, and a gold net fastened her flowing ringlets.

Lavinia wore a white satin vest, a loose crape robe over it, ornamented with laurel leaves and jessamin. Her hair, free from powder, fell in natural ringlets down the sides of her face ; behind it was loosely plaited and fastened up with a diamond comb. She carried a small white wand, and altogether looked truly *ethereal*.

As the ladies were walking round the saloon, a person in the character of a pilgrim begged charity. " I know you perfectly well, my Lord," said Lady Georgina,

gina, "though so well disguised. If you please, ladies, I will introduce to you the Marquis of Caernarvon."

"You wicked puffs," said he, "why did you discover me; I wished to have tried the charity of this fair damsel;" taking the hand of Lavinia.

"Why should you wish to try it, my Lord?" replied she.

"Because you have committed a robbery, and I wished you to alleviate my loss by a small return."

"I don't understand you, my Lord," replied she coolly.

"Then, in plain words," said he, "you have deprived me of my heart, and I wished you to give me your's in return."

"My Lord, do you select me to be the object of your mirth; or do you repeat the same lesson over to every woman you meet?"

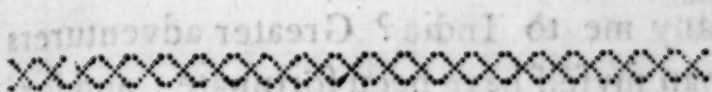
"Ah, charming Miss Spencer, believe me my intentions are most honourable—Permit me, then, only to hope—Let the ardent assiduities with which I will for ever attend



attend you, be a proof of the sincerity of a passion which will depart this breast but with the life that animates it."

"For heaven's sake, my Lord," said the agitated Lavinia, "leave me: The honour you wish to present me with I am unworthy of. I have been peculiarly unfortunate, and *never, never* more can Lavinia be happy." Without waiting for any reply, she caught hold of Lady Georgina's arm, who had turned round to speak to some of her acquaintances during the conversation, and asked her if it was not time to return home.

The character of Theodore Marquis of Caernarvon was generous, noble, disinterested, and sincere—yet he was rash and jealous.



## C H A P. XXI.

## THE ADVENTURE.

Content is wealth, the riches of the mind,  
And happy he that can the treasure find.

DRYDEN.

WE now propose to say something of the family with which Lavinia resided. Lord Melfront, the father of Lady Davenport and Lady Georgina, had married young, and like most young people, soon ran out of his fortune. His wife was lovely and amiable, and having two charming infants, he was happy even in the prospect of destruction. "Angelina, my love," said he to Lady Melfront, "something must be done to support these infants: will you condescend to accom-

pany me to India? Greater adventurers than myself have been fortunate; and fortune it is possible may smile on me too. I am happy in the recollection that I am not indebted to any one person. Say then, dear girl, will you go with me, or will you reside at your brother, Lord Davenport's seat, in Wales, which he has offered you till I return?"

Lady Melfront consented to go to India, and after a prosperous voyage they arrived at Bengal. Nothing material happened till Lady Angelina, the eldest, was sixteen, and Lady Georgina a year younger. They were both very beautiful; Angelina, if either, had the advantage. She was finely formed, and her complexion was exquisitely fair; added to which, she had

————— an eye

As when the blue sky peeps through a  
Cloud of purest white.

THOMSON.

Their dresses too heightened their beauty—they wore gold muslin robes, fastened  
by

by pearl zones—their flaxen locks were confined by a gold net, which had all the appearance of Asiatic grandeur.

Lord Melfront had kept up a regular correspondence with his brother-in-law, Lord Davenport; and finding his health decline, owing to his former debaucheries, he wrote to beg his nephew would, if disengaged, take a voyage to Bengal, to see if he liked either of his cousins, that, before he died, one of his daughters might, if possible, be happily settled.

“We had better go to England, my dear Edmund,” said Lady Melfront; “which will save our nephew a tiresome voyage; for should he like either of our girls, depend on it he will return with her as soon as she is a bride.”

“Ah, my dear Angelina,” answered Lord Melfront, “I perceive you wish to return to that fascinating place, England; but should Charles not have it in his power to love one of our children, I should not like it to be said they came to England to be married, and were disappointed. It is

therefore an easier thing for a young man to take a voyage; and if he marries Angelina or Georgina, we will accompany them back to England." Lady Melfront acquiesced with the words of her Lord, and only pleaded the maternal fear of being parted from one of her children.

The letter arrived in England a fortnight after the death of Lord Davenport; the young Earl therefore opened it. The contents were such as very much pleased him; for his heart was entirely disengaged; and having heard much from his father of his cousins' beauty, he immediately wrote an answer to his uncle, and prepared speedily for the voyage.

The young ladies were very fond of rambling in the fields in the environs of Bengal. One day, having wandered farther than they intended, they came into a field where grew numerous shrubs of wild pomegranates. Being thirsty, they agreed to pluck a few, and accordingly wandered about in search of some of the best sort.

On



On a rock grew a semi-circle of those shrubs, which seemed to have been planted purposely in that form; the branches were bent down with the abundance of luxuriant fruit with which they were loaded. The ladies took some, and were about to return, when Lady Angelina exclaimed, "Dear, sister, behind this half circle, in the rock, is a latch, as if there was a door."

"Let us examine whether there is or not?" replied Georgina, who was of a very romantic and volatile disposition.

Angelina pleaded fear; but Georgina touching the latch, an unpercievable part of the rock opened, and startled both the ladies. Georgina, whose courage was superior to her sister's, had the resolution to declare she would enter it.

"Adieu," said she; "if you will not accompany me, I will go alone."

"I cannot think of letting you be exposed to the danger alone," replied Lady Angelina; "yet I fear to go with you."

"Tut, girl, come along; we shall be heroines in a romance, and this will be a

grand adventure." Lady Angelina reluctantly followed her too volatile sister down a flight of steps which led them into a cave scooped out in the shape of a room; in the middle of which hung a lamp, which cast a reflection round the cave, and made it have the appearance of being hung with precious stones; it was, however, petrified drops of water. The furniture of the place consisted of two ivory chairs and a table; and at the farther part, on a chest, sat a man with a book in his hand. Lady Angelina, naturally timorous, caught hold of her sister, and exclaimed,

"For heavens sake, let us go." The hermit, if he may be so called, observed them, and rising from his seat, exclaimed,

"To what chance am I indebted for a visit from two such celestial beings?" Lady Angelina, as soon as he began to speak, retreated to the door, but before she could reach it, fear had taken so great an effect on her mind, that she sunk lifeless to the earth.



## C H A P. XXII.

## A MARRIAGE.

Behold a mortal who has pass'd his days  
 In the dim cavern of a noxious mine,  
 Worn with hard toil, where health-annoying  
     vapours  
 Vex'd and confounded his imperfect sense :  
 What must he feel, if suddenly was laid  
 On the bright summit of a lofty hill,  
 To taste the balmy sweetness of the morn,  
 And for the first time see the rising sun  
 Array this fair and smiling earth with all  
 The radiant loveliness of form and colour !

HAYLEY.

BY the assistance of the hermit  
 and Georgina, Angelina soon revived.

"Fear me not, my sweet girl," said he ;  
 "I am no banditti ; sit down and recover  
 yourself, and permit me to give you a cup

of wine, made of the juice of pomegranates." She consented, and soon was composed. "It is fifteen years," said the hermit, "since I made this cave my place of residence, and I have never had one person enter it before;—how then, my children, had you the courage to descend a place which had the appearance of a vault. Pardon me for my admonition; but you should have considered that youth, and a want of sufficient reflection, often precipitates people rashly to undertake enterprizes, which they repent of afterwards."

"I should not have entered it," said Lady Angelina artlessly, "if I had not feared to have let my sister gone alone." Lady Angelina's fear being dissipated, and the curiosity of Lady Georgina satisfied, they departed, promising the hermit another visit soon, accompanied by their father. When they returned home, they informed their parents of their morning ramble, and intreated their father would go with them to the cave, which he promised he would.

The young ladies retired to dress. The window of the dressing-room was directly opposite to the sea, and Lady Georgina being dressed first, stood looking at the rolling ocean.

"Oh!" exclaimed she, with her usual vivacity, "my cousin is surely arrived; for there is an English ship making to land." In an instant the firing of cannon confirmed her in her opinion.

"Willot," said she to her woman, "get me every ornament I possess; I shall dress over again."

"La, me'em," said Willot, "you never looked better than you do at present—you want no other ornaments."

"Don't say so," replied she; "I look a downright fright—don't I, Angelina?"

"No, indeed, you look very well," answered Lady Angelina, who was taking a pair of bracelets from her cabinet.

"Pshaw, nonsense, how can you say so; I know you want to conquer the beau: see, you are going to wear bracelets, which you very seldom do. Go, Willot, and take



take mine out ;” then looking in the glass, she exclaimed, “ Oh, heaven, what a fright I look—mercy defend me, what an odious robe I have on to-day—You know, Wil- lot, I detest silver muslins—here, take it,” (untying it and throwing it on the ground) “ and give me another ; take this net off my hair, it looks so affected I can’t bear it, and let me have my wreath of diamonds for my head.”

“ Lord, Georgina !” exclaimed Lady Angelina, peevishly, “ you have infected me with your vagaries—Do, Robinson,” said she, turning to her woman, “ let me have a wreath likewise—I should not like to be eclipsed by that young flirt.”

“ Fear me not, my dear sister,” said Lady Georgina, laughing, “ you know that blue eyes are all the *ton*. It is you, therefore, that will be conqueror.”

The ladies continued changing their dresses until the bell announced the dinner. They then descended to the parlour together. Their cousin was there, and the ceremony of introducing and wel-  
coming

coming took place, after which they seated themselves at the table. The timourousness of Lady Angelina would not permit her to examine her cousin; but Lady Georgina took a full survey of him, and found her heart still in her own possession. Lord Davenport gazed likewise at the two sisters, and his heart instantly gave the preference to Angelina.

"Well, Charles," said Lord Melfront, after the ladies had withdrawn, and the wine was set upon the table, "how do you like my girls?"

"They are both charming women, my Lord, but my heart gives the preference to Lady Angelina, and should she prove as amiable as her face bespeaks her to be, I shall not hesitate a moment to make my eldest cousin Lady Davenport."

"Well, Mamma," said Lady Georgina, as they entered the drawing-room, "what do you think of our cousin?"

"I think he is a very fine young fellow. —What do you think of him?"

"Oh,

"Oh, I cannot bear him—he is absolutely as ungallant as a Dutchman; he never once looked at me all dinner time—his eyes were eternally fixed on Angelina, he seemed to devour her charms; and I saw her take two or three fly glances at him.—Are you not in love with him already, my dear sentimental sister?"

Lady Angelina blushed excessively. This the volatile Georgina took no notice of, but continued,

"Bless me, Mamma, what could have ailed the man—I am sure the colour of my vest is the finest lilac I ever saw; and then I am sure the gold work of my robe excels any I have in my wardrobe, I selected it myself, and did not leave it to Willot. And then my bouquet is a thousand times handsomer than Angelina's—see, I have carnations and jessamin in mine, which my sister has not. Heavens, where was the man's eyes!"

"May your vivacity never be damped, my sweet girl," said Lady Melfront with a sigh.

The

The gentlemen joined them at tea time, Lord Davenport took a chair next Lady Angelina, and entered into a conversation with her.

"Humph," said Lady Georgina, looking at her mother significantly. Lord Davenport stared, and Lady Angelina blushed.

When Lady Angelina retired to her chamber, she examined her heart, and found it greatly possessed in favour of the new cousin. Fear likewise took possession of her bosom, and wrung each fibre of her heart; the idea that he might love her sister, took quite hold of her, and made her try to penetrate Lady Georgina's opinion of him; but the lively volatileness with which she satyrized his blindness, as she called it, and her uninterrupted repose, in some degree calmed her anxiety.

Lord Davenport paid the most pointed assiduity to Lady Angelina, and in a short time asked permission of Lord Melfront to make her his wife. Lord Melfront consented with pleasure, and preparations were made for the wedding.

"Heavens!"

"Heavens!" said Lady Georgina, "what shameful beings we are—a fortnight is now elapsed, and we have never paid our promised visit to the hermit. What will he think of us? Whip that cousin of ours, for monopolizing all our thoughts. Come, papa, let us go now. If Charles and Angelina can *spare* time, they may as well go too." The four persons sat out, and in a short time arrived at the cave.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Lord Melfront, "how could these girls have the courage to descend this place. Come, Georgina, shew the way, for I imagine you are the general."

Lady Georgina descended, and the others followed. She found the hermit reading, as before.

"Dear father," said she, as he rose to receive her, "I have a thousand pardons to beg for delaying to visit you before, but a trifle intervening prevented us that pleasure." The hermit bowed. "This," continued



inued she, "is my father, Lord Melfront,  
 and this"—She was interrupted by an  
 exclamation from Lord Melfront, of

"It is he by heaven!—It is my dear,  
 long lost Arundel!" In a moment they  
 were in each other's arms, and embracing  
 with all the energy of friendship. "By  
 what chance do I find," continued Lord  
 Melfront, "a friend, whom I left in Eu-  
 rope, and whom I have never ceased to  
 regret, in an unknown cave in Asia?"

"I have been unfortunate," said Lord  
 Arundel (for he was the hermit); "but it  
 was chance, not despair, that led me to  
 this cave. I have conceived no disgust  
 against the world; I shall, therefore, leave  
 this cave with no repugnance. My estates  
 in England, which remain untouched since  
 my voluntary exile, will bring in a large  
 share of wealth, besides the treasure which  
 I here possess, which is enough to satisfy  
 any man. Do, then, my dear friend, if  
 you continue here, hire a house for me;  
 or, if you are going to any other part of  
 the

the world, I will accompany you, and leave this cave for some other poor wretch, who I hope will experience the same delight in finding it as I did."

"No, my friend," replied Lord Mel-front, "I shall hire you no house; you must make mine your home while we remain here, for we are going to England soon, to which place I hope you will accompany us?"

Lord Arundel expressed his consent. He then advanced to the young ladies, and embraced them;—"To you, my charming girls," said he, "I am indebted for the happiness of finding a dear beloved friend, and for being restored to a world which I too precipitately left. My brain has been in so chaotic a state for these few years past, that every former idea was almost annihilated; but now I awake, and—Oh! retrospection how you wound me!—Heaven! I am a father—Oh! what an inhuman one to leave my child destitute—ah, perhaps destitute!"

The

## C H A P. XXIII.

## A DEATH.

What horrid meagre form is that appears,  
 Who smiles remorseless —————  
 'Tis death obdurate, tyrant fiercer far  
 Than prowling wolves or Lybian tygers are.

GRATIA WILSON.

THE recollection overpowered him, and he burst into a flood of tears. Lord Melfront and the ladies tried to console him, and after he recovered, they left the cave together.

Lady Melfront had been sometime acquainted with Lord Arundel; she was therefore very happy to see him. He made both the young ladies very elegant presents, but Lady Georgina's was the most costly, because she was his favourite. It was a casket, which contained a beautiful set of pearl ornaments.

The time now arrived for the wedding, which was celebrated with splendor and

festivity. But their happiness felt a great alloy the next morning, for Lord Melfront was found dead in his bed. His sudden death was supposed to be owing to his having drank to a greater excess than his shattered constitution could support. The sorrow at this unexpected event was great; the shock was too much for the delicate nerves of Lady Melfront. It settled upon her lungs, and threw her into a slow consumption. He had ever been a most tender and affectionate husband, which made the loss doubly great.

“Alienated as I am from every tie,” exclaimed Lord Arundel, “how happy I thought myself in finding the friend of my youth again; when on a sudden I lose him, and that for ever—yet why should I repine? for

“Short are the Joys which human life can give”

DRYDEN.

Soon as all the affairs were settled, the whole family embarked for England, and, after a prosperous voyage, arrived in London.

don. Lord Davenport had sent orders for an elegant house to be prepared for their reception. Lord Augustus Drayton was the intimate friend of Lord Davenport; his sister Lady Cecilia, therefore, was the first person who came to visit Lady Davenport upon her arrival: her cousin, Lady Monimia, accompanied her. Lady Davenport and Lady Monimia, as soon as they became acquainted with each other, felt a mutual esteem, which being cultivated on both sides, soon cemented a lasting friendship; and when the former was introduced at court, the latter was present.

Lord Arundel, soon after his arrival, took a journey to Hampshire to make enquiries after his daughter; but he found the school-mistress had been dead a long time; nor could he by any means discover where fate had secluded her. Spiritless, chagrined, and disappointed, he returned to town; and by the very pressing intreaties of Lord and Lady Davenport, made their house his place of residence.

Lady



Lady Davenport and Lady Georgina would often, when they were alone, express a wish to know the misfortunes of Lord Arundel; but politeness always sealed their lips in his presence.

The declining health of Lady Melfront now called for the utmost attention. The physicians declared it impossible that she could long survive, unless she immediately went to the south of France. Preparations were instantly made, and, after a tedious journey, she arrived at the destined situation, accompanied by her two daughters, Lord Davenport, and Lord Arundel. This disposition was of no benefit—she lingered twelve months, and then expired in the arms of Lady Davenport.

The remaining party returned to England, and it being summer, they attended the remains to Wales, where her ladyship was interred in the family vault with every suitable pomp. When the winter approached, they hastened to town, and not long afterwards Lavinia joined the family.

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